



IN
MEMORIAM
—
TENNYSON

G. J. H. H. H.



9. Jeannette Humphreys



“Old yew, which graspest at the stones.”

IN MEMORIAM

BY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION.

TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam" is a many-sided work. Its texture as a literary production is woven of a five-fold thread,—elegiac, autobiographical, representative, philosophical, and religious. The union of all these elements and characteristics makes it a masterpiece.

Primarily, the poem is an elegy, a tribute to the poet's friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. However, it is something more than a lament or a tribute in which the writer "links a world of graceful association with the memory of the dead." "In Memoriam" is something better than an elegy. Many of its readers feel but little interest in Hallam, as Professor Mahaffy has confessed of himself in his "Rambles and Studies in Greece," p. 75:—

"Though written apparently from personal feeling, and to commemorate a special person—Arthur Hallam—whom some of us even knew, this poem has justly laid hold of the imagination of men strongly and lastingly; and why? Is it owing to the poet's special loss? Certainly not. I do not even think that this great dirge—this magnificent funeral poem—has excited in us the least interest in Arthur Hallam. I will confess that to me he appeared nothing more

after I knew the poem than he was before. In fact, any other friend of the poet's would have suited the general reader equally well as the exciting cause of a poem which we delight in, because it puts into great poetry those ever recurring permanent features in such grief, those dark longings about the future, — those suggestions of despair, of discontent in the providence of the world, of wild speculation about its laws and the struggle to reconcile our own loss and that of the human race, with some larger law of wisdom and of benevolence. To the poet, of course, his own particular friend was the great centre-point of the poem. But to us, in reading it, there is a wide distinction between the personal passages — I mean those which give family details, and special circumstances in Hallam's life and his intimacy with the poet — and the truly poetical or artistic passages which soar away into a region far above all special detail, and sing of the great gloom which hangs over the future, and of the vehement beating of the human soul against the bars of its prison home, where one is taken and another left, not merely at apparent random, but with apparent injustice and damage to mankind. Hence, every man in grief for a lost friend will read the poem to his great comfort, and will then only see clearly what it means; and he will find it speak to him specially and particularly, not in its personal passages, but in its general features, in its hard metaphysics, in its mystical theology, in its angry and uncertain ethics. For even the commonest mind is forced by grief out of its commonness, and attacks

the world-problems, which at other times it has no power or taste to approach."

In the letters of Edward Rowland Sill is a suggestive remark on "In Memoriam": "You may discuss its rhythms, its epithets, its metaphors, its felicities and infelicities as art — you are still on the surface of it. The fact is, that a thinking man put a good lot of his views of things in general into it — and those views and his feelings about them are precisely the 'literature' there is in the thing."

The poem is largely autobiographical; "one long soliloquy," Gladstone called it. He adds, however, that it has "this mark of greatness," "it never degenerates into egotism — for he speaks typically on behalf of humanity at large, and in his own name, like Dante on his mystic journey, teaches deep lessons of life and conscience to us all." Tennyson himself said: "I, in these poems, is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him."

In conversation with his friend, Mr. James Knowles, he remarked: "It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine. In the poem altogether private grief swells out into thought of, and hope for, the whole world. It begins with a funeral and ends with a marriage; begins with death and ends in promise of a new life — a sort of divine comedy, cheerful at the close. It is a very impersonal poem as well as personal."

In the sketch of Arthur Hallam that follows, and in the notes at the end of the volume, some fragmentary views are given of "In Memoriam" as an elegiac

poem, as a representative poem, as a philosophical poem, and as a religious poem. No study of the poem can be complete that omits reference to any of these aspects of it. This Introduction deals with it chiefly as an autobiographical poem.

"In Memoriam" is an autobiographical poem in two senses. First, it contains reminiscences of a four years' friendship. Secondly, it constitutes Tennyson's mental memoirs during seventeen years (1833-1850).

"In Memoriam" gives an account of the companionship of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. It tells of a community of tastes, feelings, ambitions, and aspirations between the two that was almost perfect. The world rarely sees examples of so pure and blessed fellowship. The record of a friendship so beautiful in itself and so far-reaching in its results was worthy to be enshrined in verse.

"In Memoriam" tells of their college life, of their rambles about old Cambridge, for they were inseparable in their walks. Precious memories of these golden years lingered with the poet and were a solace to him in his old age. The impress of that brief period of their acquaintanceship remained with him all his days.

In the sonnet, "To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield" (1869), he reverts to the walks in the shady avenues of the lovely university town:—

"How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
Who loved you well."

Hallam is referred to affectionately in other poems. "This consciousness of noble brotherhood" — to use Hallam's own words — was ever present in the poet's mind, moulding his character and shaping his destiny. Caroline Fox, in her "Memories of Old Friends," p. 350, writes of meeting Tennyson in 1860. She says: "When he heard the name of Hallam, how his great gray eyes opened, and gave one a moment's glimpse into the depths in which 'In Memoriam' learned its infinite wail."

It was the good fortune of the two friends while at Cambridge (1828-1831) to be on terms of intimacy with some of the choicest spirits in the nation. The poem tells of their mingling with other students of Trinity College, of "a band of youthful friends" who met sometimes in Arthur's room to talk —

"on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land."

Both belonged to the famous *Conversazione Society* (started in 1820), whose members were familiarly called the "Twelve Apostles." This select debating club of Cambridge was (about 1830) composed of the following illustrious names: Alfred Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, R. C. Trench, Henry Alford, W. H. Thompson, J. W. Blakesley, Charles Merivale, G. S. VENABLES, Edmund Lushington, F. D. MAURICE, C. R. KENNEDY, and James Spedding. Other names mentioned as members about this time are Charles Buller and C. Donne. J. W. Blakesley, in a letter to Trench (dated January 24, 1830), says: "Milnes is now an

apostle. . . . The Society has received a great addition in Hallam and in Alfred Tennyson, . . . truly one of the mighty of the earth." In October, 1830, Henry Alford recorded in his diary: "Met Tennant, Hallam, Merivale, and the three Tennysons at Alfred Tennyson's rooms; the latter read some very exquisite poetry of his 'Anacaona' and 'The Hesperides.'" Besides these there were among Tennyson's Cambridge contemporaries Ralph Bernal, John Allen, Francis Garden, Robert Monteith, and Edward Horsman.

Lord Houghton, in his inaugural address at the opening of the new rooms of the Union Society at Cambridge, 1866, touchingly alludes to some of the old Cambridge men that he knew:—

"There was Tennyson, the Laureate, whose goodly bay tree decorates our language and our land; Arthur, the younger Hallam, the subject of 'In Memoriam,' the poet and his friend passing, linked hand in hand, together down the slopes of fame. There was Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and Alford, Dean of Canterbury, both profound scriptural philologists who have not disdained the secular muse. There was Spedding, who has, by a philosophical affinity, devoted the whole of his valuable life to the rehabilitation of the character of Lord Bacon; and there was Merivale, who—I hope by some attraction of repulsion—has devoted so much learning to the vindication of the Cæsars. There were Kemble and Kinglake, the historians of our earliest civilization and of our latest war,—Kemble, as interesting an individual

as ever was portrayed by the dramatic genius of his own race; Kinglake, as bold a man-at-arms as ever confronted public opinion. There was Venables, whose admirable writings, unfortunately anonymous, we are reading every day, without knowing whom to attribute them; and there was Blakesley, honorary Canon of Canterbury, the 'Hertfordshire incumbent' of the *Times*" ("Life of Lord Houghton," Vol. II., p. 161).

Church, commenting on the *Conversazione Society*, says: "It was a certain distinction to be made a member of it. Henry Alford records with pride in his diary that he had been 'elected an apostle.'" It is related of Tennyson that he was never known to take part in the discussions on account of his excessive shyness, while the young Hallam excelled all the others as a fluent and earnest orator.

During their first year in college the two friends came into competition with others (including Richard M. Milnes) for the prize poem "*Timbuctoo*," which Tennyson won in 1829, thus gaining for himself no little celebrity. Both gave much of their time to poetry, neglecting some of their regular school work, and especially shunning mathematics. Each read the other's poems, then unpublished, and no doubt profited by mutual criticism. It is not generally known that the two students, then in their teens, intended to print a joint volume of their verses in 1830. The idea was abandoned through the advice of the elder Hallam, who likely remembered the unlucky venture of Coleridge and Wordsworth in issuing

"The Ancient Mariner" and "Lyrical Ballads" in one volume (1798). Arthur's part of the book was withdrawn at the last moment, and only the proof sheets saw the light. Alfred made his bow to the public on his own merits in "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" (1830).

"In Memoriam" tells of their comradeship in studies and literary pursuits. Each shared the other's enthusiasms and lightened the other's intellectual burdens. Each stimulated the other with words of praise and encouragement. Each contributed to the other's mental progress and advancement; but it is probable that Hallam rendered his friend the larger service. He had always lived in the great city of London. He had travelled in several countries of Europe. He was interested in many matters with which most lads are unfamiliar at his age. He was wise beyond his years, for he had read widely and thought deeply. On the other hand, Alfred had not then seen much of the world, his life having been passed in the quiet little village of Somersby, where his father was rector. He needed the help afforded by Arthur's richer experience and more varied culture.

Tennyson left ample testimony to the sense of obligation that he felt to Hallam, although he was a year and a half older. When they entered Trinity College, in October, 1828, Alfred was nineteen and Arthur seventeen. It must be that the author of "In Memoriam" had in mind the reciprocal influence of the two and their conversations, in section XXIII. Again, in XLII., he recalls his friend's intellectual inspiration.

In section LXXI., the poet refers touchingly to their travels, to the pleasant voyage down the Rhine to southern France, where they spent some time together in the summer of 1830. "These two," says Mrs. Ritchie, "were taking money, and letters written in invisible ink, to certain conspirators who were then revolting against the intolerable tyranny of Ferdinand, and were chiefly hiding in the Pyrenees." They were much impressed with the lovely scenery in these mountains through which they passed; and, while writing "*Ænone*," Alfred made use of some of his observations in the valley of Cauteretz. Long afterward it all came back to him in a dream, of which he sings:—

"Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' southern France."

On revisiting the Pyrenees in 1861, with Arthur Hugh Clough, he lived over the same experiences. Overcome by reminiscences of other days, he wrote the affecting lines entitled "*In the Valley of Cauteretz*":

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

Many sections of "In Memoriam" describe the visits to each other's homes. They tell of Alfred's going to the house of the Hallams in London (67 Wimpole Street), the "dark house" in the "long unlovely street." They tell of Arthur's presence in the family circle of the Tennysons in Somersby. They afford glimpses of the home-life in that Lincolnshire rectory where the poet was born (August 6, 1809). They tell of the merry young folks, of their old-fashioned pastimes and festivities when Christmas eve brought from Cambridge or London —

"a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight
In dance and song and game and jest."

They tell of Arthur's visits in the summers of 1832 and 1833, when he was a law student in London and came down occasionally to Somersby to see his love, Emilia Tennyson, then his betrothed. In LXXXIX. the poet gives a felicitous description of these joyful occasions, when the young men took early morning walks amid the pastoral landscapes around the retired hamlet, or when they all gathered on the lawn to hear Arthur read poetry.

They tell of the changes that took place after Hallam's death in 1833, of the Christmas eves now saddened by bereavement, and of his birthday that they still kept "with festal cheer"; of the removal, in the spring of 1837, from Somersby, "the well-beloved place," endeared to the poet by so many associations of the dead; of the new home of the Tennysons at

High Beech, and of their Christmas there among strangers — the Christmas that probably inspired the superb section beginning “Ring out, wild bells.”

The epilogue of “In Memoriam” is a bridal song for the wedding of Cecilia Tennyson, the poet’s youngest sister, and Edmund Lushington, who held the Greek chair at Glasgow University (1838–1875). Professor Lushington is referred to appreciatively in LXXXV. as the friend “true in word and kind in deed.”

“In Memoriam” contains other autobiographical notes. The elegy goes back to a time before Alfred and Arthur met. Section LXXIX. recurs to the days of early childhood that the poet passed in the fields and woods about his native place, in company with his older brother Charles, who greatly resembled Alfred in his appearance and in his traits of intellect and disposition. “But thou and I are one in kind,” Alfred addresses him. His strong attachment for Charles is tenderly dwelt on in the “Prefatory Poem to my Brother’s Sonnets,” written soon after the death of Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner, in 1879, ending with these lines:—

“And thro’ this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

•
“When all my griefs were shared with thee,
As all my hopes were thine—
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!”

The two brothers married sisters, Louise and Emily Sellwood, of Horncastle. The wedding trip of Charles and his bride to Vienna, in the summer of 1836, suggested section XCVIII. beginning —

“You leave us: you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him.”

“In Memoriam” tells much more of Alfred Tennyson's life during the years of intimacy with Hallam and afterward. The four and a half years of their comradeship he thought the richest period of his life.

Secondly, “In Memoriam” constitutes Tennyson's mental memoirs. The poem is a unique psychological study. It lays bare the workings of a mind tortured with doubt, wrestling with mysteries and difficulties. It reveals the poet's inner life for nearly a score of years. It exhibits his spiritual development through the various moods and experiences of a mourner, who, in the desolateness of his soul, is almost driven to suicide, who finally finds comfort in memories of old times and past scenes of delightful companionship, whose solace is in the thought of a blessed reunion hereafter. It details his progress from a state of violent grief and bitter regret to one of peaceful trust and firm resignation, his human affection being changed into a hallowed and immortal friendship.

He follows his dead comrade into the other world, so far as uninspired man may with the lights of reason and revelation. In time, he comes to feel that there is

communion between their souls, direct communication without the aid of the senses, the glorified one being still an unseen helper to the other and not losing interest in his frail companion of clay, although far outstripping him in soul-progress.

By imitating the living virtues of the departed and seeing things with Arthur's eyes (for he fancies that Arthur would have borne the loss of his friend with Christian fortitude), and by striving to be more worthy to receive his heavenly guest, the poet is inspired with conscious strength to rise superior to his sorrow and doubt. The uplifting power of their spiritual converse is displayed in one of the sweetest lyrics of the collection (XCIV.).

A new impulse or factor enters into the poet's life, or rather it is a continuation of his friend's old influence, intensified and purified. It may almost be called an interchange of thought and emotion, for he addresses his friend as though present, and he feels himself at times favored with visitations of an immortal. Passages referring to the pervasive sympathy of the two, or to reciprocal influence of some kind (implying the deathlessness of the conscious spirit), are found in sections XXXVIII., L., LI., LII., LXI., LXII., LXIII., LXIV., LXV., LXXV., LXXXII., LXXXV., XC., XCI., and others, to say nothing of the ecstatic vision described in XCV.

These impressions, whether real or imagined, are in the best sense educative. They become a refining force; and, as a result of this ennobling agency, there is a distinct gain to character in the surviving friend,

who fancies that his own impress on the beloved one is not lost in the better world.

This blessed intercourse of the two friends, which reminds one of John Stuart Mill's communion with the memory of his buried wife, becomes an incentive to greater intellectual effort. It stimulates the poet to his highest flights of song. If Tennyson anywhere reaches the sublime, it is when he describes (in the last sections of "In Memoriam") his comrade's spiritual presence and influence. It leads him to attain a grander ideal of self-development and to hope for a happier future for the race in the ascendancy of better customs and purer principles.

Out of long mental and moral travail come at last faith and self-control, strength and philosophic resignation. The agony and struggle are over. He becomes reconciled to his loss, thinking that the loved Arthur may be needed more in some other world. He sees the hand of God in his bereavement, and the shining face of Christ illuminating the darkness. He feels the emptiness and transitoriness of earthly glory. Reverently he submits to the divine will, counting it a crime —

"To mourn for any overmuch."

He now takes a different view of death. He understands its beneficent office. The "Shadow fear'd of man" is no longer dreaded; it is only a transition to a fairer realm. He is steadfast in the conviction that Love is eternal, Lord of all, "defying change." He realizes that grief has refined away the dross and brought —

"The far-off interest of tears."

His soul is expanded and enriched by the ministry of suffering. The gist of the whole argument of the poem is summed up in the two oft-quoted lines: —

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all; "

for "great is the purifying power of death." Sometimes, at least, it is true that the house of mourning is better than the house of feasting. The elegy concludes with a grand optimistic strain: —

"Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before."

In what other English poem is presented a record so characteristic and interesting? As Mr. Arthur Waugh has said, "A more logical and sustained effort of mental analysis has seldom enriched poetry." What George Eliot did for fiction, Alfred Tennyson did for poetry. He analyzes subjective states and dissects as well as a poet can the deepest and holiest longings of the human heart. He combines subtlest thought with poetic diction. He is unsurpassed in his ability to express speculative musings and questionings in clear, musical language.

A writer in *Poet-love* (August-September, 1896, p. 446), referring to the elegies of Bion, Moschus, Spenser, Milton, and Shelley, contrasts their point of view with that of "In Memoriam," as follows: —

"In the first place Tennyson's is the first of the

poems in which the expression of grief is through the direct utterance of the poet's own feelings. In all the other poems, the poet's grief is almost or entirely shown as reflected in the grief of others, — either Nature, rural deities, allegorical shepherds and shepherdesses, or with, in the case of Shelley, the addition of the dead poet's own mind-born offspring. Thus it is a complete break from the classic models. It is the first of the English poems which calls the dead friend by his own name, and not by some name borrowed from the pastoral world. And furthermore, the grief of Tennyson, besides being expressed directly, is introspective. It is not a simple expression of feeling, but a complex analysis of the feelings. When Milton's grief leads him to attacks on his enemies, Shelley's to attacks on the enemies of his friend, and of those of the noble and beautiful, Tennyson's leads him to a minute study of his own sensations and moods. He watches with the interest of an outside observer the progress of his grief through many fluctuating phases from despair to hope. . . . Through his great desire that he may again sometime hold communion with his friend, he is led to ponder on the hard problems of life and death."

But the poem is more than a unique psychological study. It is an inadequate description of the singer of "In Memoriam" that Matthew Arnold gives in his "Scholar-Gypsy": —

"And amongst us one,
Who most has suffered, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;

And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes."

A fuller and more satisfactory statement of the case is that of Mr. Edward Malan, who writes: —

"If the insight thus gained into the workings of a great intellect, brought suddenly to the verge of sorrow, were all the reward that the poem offered, it would still be worth serious study. But we feel as we read that the man has not arrived at his view of truth without much labor, that we are witnessing an endeavor to escape from the coils of doubt, and that we have a victor who has faced and fought his troubles and difficulties."

"In Memoriam" does, indeed, lay bare the "sad experience" of a mourner, but it is something besides a prolonged wail. It exhibits Tennyson's spiritual development. It displays the inner life of a man wrestling with mysteries and perplexities, who finally emerges from the night of gloom and sadness. Out of his distress and humiliation of spirit at last arises exaltation. It is the history of a long struggle ending in a double victory — the victory of faith over doubt and the victory of will over grief. Though terribly stunned by the shock of Hallam's death, he recovers from the blow and regains self-mastery. Peace comes again to the aching heart, no longer tortured with the terrible sense of loneliness.

The Rev. F. W. Robertson says of "In Memoriam": "It is divided into a number of cabinet-like compartments, which, with fine and delicate shades of difference, exhibit the various phases through which the bereaved spirit passes from the first shock of despair, dull, hopeless misery and rebellion, up to the dawn of hope, acquiescent trust, and even calm happiness again. In the meanwhile many a question has been solved, which can only suggest itself when suffering forces the soul to front the realities of our mysterious existence; such as: Is there a life to come? And if there is, will it be a conscious life? Shall I know that myself? Will there be mutual recognition? continuance of attachments? Shall friend meet friend, and brother brother, as friends and brothers? Or, again: How comes it that one so gifted was taken away so early, in the maturity of his powers, just at the moment when they seemed about to become available to mankind? What means all this, and is there not something wrong? Is the law of Creation Love indeed?"

"By slow degrees, all these doubts, and worse, are answered. . . . And one of the manifold beauties of this exquisite poem . . . is that, piercing through all the sophistries and over-refinements of speculation, and the lifeless scepticism of science, it falls back upon the grand, primary, simple truths of our Humanity; those first principles which underlie all creeds, which belong to our earliest childhood, and on which the wisest and best have rested through all ages: that all is right: that darkness shall be clear: that

God and Time are the only interpreters : that Love is king : that the Immortal is in us.

“ To a coarser class of minds ‘ In Memoriam ’ appears too melancholy : one long monotone of grief. It is simply one of the most victorious songs that ever poet chanted.”

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, whose memory is richly enshrined in Tennyson's great elegy, was a son of the eminent historian, Henry Hallam. He was born in London, February 1, 1811, and died suddenly at Vienna, September 15, 1833. His remains lie in Clevedon Church, on the bank of the Severn, near where it empties into the Bristol Channel. In the words of the poet —

"They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."

Though Arthur Hallam's career was cut short in his twenty-third year, he had made a name for himself beyond a circle of admiring friends. If the praise of his father and the tributes of his youthful comrades be not extravagant, he was a young man of splendid promise — his talents and attainments being extraordinary for one of his age. When a boy at Eton College (1822-1827), he gained a reputation for scholarship, and shone in the debating society among the lads destined to reach the highest places in Church and State. He had a remarkable career at Cambridge (1828-1832), impressing all who knew him as a gifted, beautiful soul. He was an accomplished linguist,

having travelled in several European countries. He had read widely in French and Italian literature. Even while an undergraduate of nineteen or twenty, he distinguished himself as a writer of prose and verse. A graceful and forcible speaker, he was recognized as the ablest debater in a select literary club called "The Apostles."

Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson first met in the school year of 1828-1829. They entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the same time, in October, 1828. Their friendship seems to have begun a few months later, about the time Arthur was eighteen — Alfred being a year and a half older.

During his college years, young Hallam occasionally went with his friend down to the rectory-home of the Tennysons in Somersby. Here he saw and loved the poet's sister Emilia, then a charming maiden nearly a year his junior. A part of the spring of 1832 he spent most happily at Somersby in the company of this lady and her brother, the dearest of his friends. Arthur and Emilia were then betrothed. He was a favorite in the Tennyson household, and his inspiring companionship was appreciated. All were devotedly attached to him, and looked forward with pleasant anticipation to the wedding day.

After taking his degree at Trinity early in 1832, Hallam began the study of law in London. Earnest and ambitious, he applied himself too closely, and his health failed in the spring of 1833. A trip to the Continent was planned for rest and change. Parting from the Tennysons in the summer, he went abroad with

his father. The expected gain in strength did not come. The excitement of travel, together with fatigue and exposure, proved too much for his enfeebled body ; but his condition was not thought especially serious, and the end came unexpectedly. The elder Hallam was with him in the room, busy writing letters. His son, being tired from a walk, lay down on a sofa to sleep, and thus he passed peacefully away.

Slowly the sad news travelled to England and Somersby. The Tennysons were expecting Arthur's speedy return home, and were inexpressibly shocked when the message came announcing his death. His betrothed fainted when she heard it. Alfred took the blow so bitterly that he vowed never to see the city where his loved comrade died. He felt that the light of life had gone out. When the body was brought to England and laid to rest (January 3, 1834), he did not dare trust himself to attend the funeral, it is said, because he feared he might be overcome with emotion during the burial service.

During the months and years after this terrible bereavement, Tennyson's thoughts and feelings took shape in poetry expressing the sense of loss and commemorating the virtues of the departed. Thus the lyrics or cantos that make up "*In Memoriam*" were composed from time to time. Two controlling motives impelled him to write them : —

" To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues."

They constitute his spiritual biography, for they reflect his passing moods of anguish and sorrow, of

struggle and doubt, of retrospect and hope, of resignation and peace. The work gradually grew into a monumental tribute.

If, as Shelley thought, it were enough to make one in love with death to be buried, as Keats was, in the beautiful Protestant cemetery at Rome, then it were almost enough to make one in love with death to be immortalized in song as Hallam was in "In Memoriam." The romantic attachment of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam bids fair to become as celebrated as the friendship of Damon and Pythias and of David and Jonathan. The elegy of the great Victorian laureate will make secure the fame of both in the ages to come.

If Tennyson's word portraits of his friend be not overdrawn, then Arthur Hallam was a mortal who approached celestial perfection. "He seemed," said his father, "to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world." True, the poet and the parent would naturally incline to overpraise, the one from his excessive susceptibility, and the other from the ties of relationship; but others bore spontaneous testimony to Arthur's goodness and greatness.

According to Gladstone, "he resembled a passing emanation from some other and less darkly checkered world." In his estimate of Hallam (*Youth's Companion*, January 6, 1898), he says: "It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. Among his contemporaries at

Eton, that queen of visible homes for the ideal school-boy, he stood supreme among all his fellows. . . . In this world there is one unfailing test of the highest excellence. It is that the man should be felt to be greater than his works. And in the case of Arthur Hallam, all that knew him knew that the work was transcended by the man."

As a boy, Arthur was precocious ; as a young man, he was in some respects a prodigy. He owed much to his early contact with books, and to the intellectual atmosphere of the Hallam household in London. Study, travel, converse with loved ones and with brilliant schoolmates — all contributed to give him a many-sided culture. Beside his inbred courtesy and sweet disposition, he possessed that rich development of mind which may be called genius. Though mingling with the great, by whom his superiority was recognized and acknowledged, he was yet "as modest as able."

All of Hallam's associates predicted for him a bright future. When he left college in 1832, it certainly looked as if his prospects for a successful, useful, and happy life were unclouded.

On what he might perchance have accomplished in literature and statesmanship, the poet lovingly speculates : —

" A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm."

But his physique was too delicate for such service, and at best he could have survived but a few years.

Dying at twenty-three, Arthur Henry Hallam left behind him the memory of an attractive personality. The fragrance of his sweet life would have lingered in the minds of a few and then perished but for the bard's enduring memorial that tells the world of his lovable character. The best contribution which most of us can give to humanity is a beautiful life — the natural flowering of a noble soul. This is what Hallam was. This embalms his memory as his fragmentary writings could not do. He is now chiefly known through the friend who indelibly traced his image in a series of exquisite poems. As time passed on he became a glorified memory, which the poet's imagination dwelt upon and invested with almost more than human excellence. The picture is an idealized portrait, not a photograph; but the world could ill afford to lose the record of their "fair companionship." Theirs was a friendship "which masters Time indeed."

It was fitting that his poet-friend should supply the meed of fame denied him by death, and the elegy. "In Memoriam A. H. H.," to use the words of Gladstone, is "perhaps the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed."

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.



STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

849.

I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
 And find in loss a gain to match?
 Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
 Let darkness keep her raven gloss :
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
 The long result of love, and boast,
 " Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

II.

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

III.

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run ;
A web is wov'n across the sky ;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun :

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands —
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own, —
A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good ;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind ?

IV.

To Sleep I give my powers away ;
My will is bondsman to the dark ;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say :

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
"What is it makes me beat so low ?"

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost !

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes ;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

V.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold :
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

VI.

ONE writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race" —
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son ;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, — while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well ;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought ;

Expecting still his advent home ;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, " here to-day,"
Or " here to-morrow will he come."

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair ;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest ;
And thinking " this will please him best,"
She takes a riband or a rose ;

For he will see them on to-night ;
And with the thought her colour burns ;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right ;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end ?
And what to me remains of good ?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

VII.

DARK house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more —
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here ; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

VIII.

A HAPPY lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home ;

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight :

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care ;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die.

IX.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X.

I HEAR the the noise about thy keel ;
 I hear the bell struck in the night ;
 I see the cabin-window bright ;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
 And travell'd men from foreign lands ;
 And letters unto trembling hands ;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him : we have idle dreams :
 This look of quiet flatters thus
 Our home-bred fancies : O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
 That takes the sunshine and the rains,
 Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God ;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
 Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine :
 And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI.

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII.

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
 To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
 Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings ;

Like her I go ; I cannot stay ;
 I leave this mortal ark behind,
 A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
 And reach the glow of southern skies
 And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying ; " Comes he thus, my friend ?
 Is this the end of all my care ? "
 And circle moaning in the air :
" Is this the end ? Is this the end ? "

And forward dart again, and play
 About the prow, and back return
 To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

XIII.

TEARS of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these ;

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed ;
And, where warm hands have prest and
closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream ;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears ;

My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails,
As tho' they brought but merchants' bales
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV.

IF one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port ;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know ;

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine ;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home ;

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV.

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day :
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world :

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud ;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI.

WHAT words are these have fall'n from me?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm,
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunn'd me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII.

THOU comest, much wept for : such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week : the days go by :
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark ;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee ;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

XVIII.

'Tis well ; 'tis something ; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me ;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX.

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XX.

THE lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind :
“It will be hard,” they say, “to find
Another service such as this.”

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win ;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze ;

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
“How good ! how kind ! and he is gone.”

XXI.

I SING to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And makes them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak :
“This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.”

Another answers, "Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy."

A third is wroth: "Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?"

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXII.

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracks that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May :

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII.

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads ;

And crying, How changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV.

AND was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief
 Makes former gladness loom so great?
 The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win
 A glory from its being far;
 And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein?

XXV.

I KNOW that this was Life, — the track
 Whereon with equal feet we fared;
 And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
 As light as carrier-birds in air;
 I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
 When mighty Love would cleave in twain
 The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

XXVI.

STILL onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII.

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes ;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound :

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace.
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXIX.

WITH such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve ;

Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight
In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house ;

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time? They too will die.

XXX.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet,"
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

“ Rapt from the fickle and the frail
 With gather'd power, yet the same,
 Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.”

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night :
 O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

XXXI.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
 And home to Mary's house return'd,
 Was this demanded — if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

“ Where wert thou, brother, those four days? ”
 There lives no record of reply,
 Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
 The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
 A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !
 The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;
 He told it not ; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII.

O THOU that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

XXXIV.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV.

YET if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house,
"The cheeks drop in; the body bows;
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:"

Might I not say? "Yet even here,
But for one hour, O Love, I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive:"
But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be;

And Love would answer with a sigh,
"The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half-dead to know that I shall die."

O me, what profits it to put
An idle case? If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI.

THO' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin ;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought ;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII.

URANIA speaks with darken'd brow :

“Thou pratest here where thou art least ;

This faith has many a purer priest,

And many an abler voice than thou.

“Go down beside thy native rill,

On thy Parnassus set thy feet,

And hear thy laurel whisper sweet

About the ledges of the hill.”

And my Melpomene replies,

A touch of shame upon her cheek :

“I am not worthy ev'n to speak

Of thy prevailing mysteries ;

“For I am but an earthly Muse,

And owning but a little art

To lull with song an aching heart.

And render human love his dues ;

“But brooding on the dear one dead,

And all he said of things divine,

(And dear to me as sacred wine

To dying lips is all he said),

" I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;
And loiter'd in the master's field,
And darken'd sanctities with song."

XXXVIII.

WITH weary steps I loiter on,
Tho' always under alter'd skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,
The herald melodies of spring,
But in the songs I love to sing
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits render'd free,
Then are these songs I sing of thee
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX.

OLD warder of these buried bones,
And answering now my random stroke
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head,
To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower;
But Sorrow — fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men, —
What whisper'd from her lying lips?
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.

XL.

COULD we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower !

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each ;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI.

THY spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher ;
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes ; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly ! yet that this could be —
That I could wing my will with might
To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once, my friend, to thee.

For tho' my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death ;
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields ;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
An inner trouble I behold,
A spectral doubt which makes me cold.
That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,
Thro' all the secular to-be,
But evermore a life behind.

XLII.

I VEX my heart with fancies dim :
He still outstript me in the race ;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?

XLIII.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV.

How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint;

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs),
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLV.

THE baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I:"

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVI.

WE ranging down this lower track,
The path we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadow'd by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past;

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
The fruitful hours of still increase;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far;
Look also, Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say.
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

XLVIII.

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
 Were taken to be such as closed
 Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn :

Her care is not to part and prove ;
 She takes, when harsher moods remit,
 What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love :

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
 But better serves a wholesome law,
 And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords :

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
 But rather loosens from the lip
 Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX.

FROM art, from nature, from the schools,
 Let random influences glance,
 Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools :

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears.

L

BE near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves
prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

LII.

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved ;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

“Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,”
The Spirit of true love replied ;
“Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

“What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue :

“So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide : thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl ”

LIII.

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green :

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

LIV.

OH yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

LV.

THE wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI.

“So careful of the type?” but no.
 From scarped cliff and quarried stone
 She cries, “A thousand types are gone:
 I care for nothing, all shall go.

“Thou makest thine appeal to me:
 I bring to life, I bring to death:
 The spirit does but mean the breath:
 I know no more.” And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
 And love Creation's final law —
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII.

PEACE; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind:
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
"Adieu, adieu" for evermore.

LVIII.

IN those sad words I took farewell :
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell ;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answer'd : " Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear ?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

LIX.

O SORROW, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life ;
As I confess it needs must be ;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,
Nor will it lessen from to-day;
But I'll have leave at times to play
As with the creature of my love;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
With so much hope for years to come,
That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX.

HE past; a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbours come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by.
At night she weeps, "How vain am I
How should he love a thing so low?"

LXI.

IF, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dimly character'd and slight,
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.

LXII.

THO' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once declined,
When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII.

YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven ;

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,
As, unto vaster motions bound,
The circuits of thine orbit round
A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXIV.

DOST thou look back on what hath been.
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire ;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands ;
"Does my old friend remember me?"

LXV.

SWEET soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With "Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt."

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI.

You thought my heart too far diseased;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand :

He plays with threads, he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky ;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVII.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls ;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away ;
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVIII.

WHEN in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my
breath;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not
Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX.

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost:
The streets were black with smoke and
frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door:

I wander'd from the noisy town,
 I found a wood with thorny boughs :
 I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown :

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
 From youth and babe and hoary hairs :
 They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :
 I found an angel of the night ;
 The voice was low, the look was bright ;
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
 That seem'd to touch it into leaf :
 The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand.

LXX.

I CANNOT see the features right,
 When on the gloom I strive to paint
 The face I know ; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night ;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
 A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
 A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors.
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive:
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXI.

SLEEP, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' summer France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?
Then bring an opiate trebly strong,
Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong
That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd
Of men and minds, the dust of change,
The days that grow to something strange,
In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
The cataract flashing from the bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pain?

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendour of the sun ;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the rose
Pull sideways, and the daisy close
.Her crimson fringes to the shower ;

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
Up the deep East. or, whispering, play'd
A chequer-work of beam and shade
Along the hills, yet look'd the same.

As wan, as chill, as wild as now ;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
And cancell'd nature's best : but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath.
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV.

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out — to some one of his race :

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV.

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd ;

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days
 To raise a cry that lasts not long,
 And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
 And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
 The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;
 But somewhere, out of human view,
 Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI.

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,
 And in a moment set thy face
 Where all the starry heavens of space
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'
 The secular abyss to come,
 And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew ;

And if the matin songs, that woke
 The darkness of our planet, last,
 Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;
And what are they when these remain
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

LXXVII.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme
To him, who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks ;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same ;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII.

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth,
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve :

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quite sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?
No single tear, no mark of pain :
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die !
No — mixt with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX.

"MORE than my brothers are to me," —
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Thro' all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX.

IF any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;
I hear the sentence that he speaks,
He bears the burthen of the weeks
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free;
And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI.

COULD I have said while he was here,
"My love shall now no further range;
There cannot come a mellow change,
For now is love mature in ear."

Love, then, had hope of richer store :
What end is here to my complaint?
This haunting whisper makes me faint,
"More years had made me love thee more."

But Death returns an answer sweet :
"My sudden frost was sudden gain,
And gave all ripeness to the grain.
It might have drawn from after-heat."

LXXXII.

I WAGE not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face ;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks ;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth :
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart ;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII.

DIP down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIV.

WHEN I contemplate all alone
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled "Uncle" on my knee ;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honour'd guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

While now thy prosperous labour fills
The lips of men with honest praise,
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair ;
And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair ;

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe ;

What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant ?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV.

THIS truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all —

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead ;

And whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd ;
And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love ;

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there ;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little
worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine ;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect :

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love : I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch ;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time ;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears :
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this :

But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave :

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak :
" Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

" I watch thee from the quiet shore ,
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more."

And I, " Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain? "

And lightly does the whisper fall ;
" 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this ;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all."

So hold I commerce with the dead ;
Or so methinks the dead would say ;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend ;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and
Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

LXXXVII.

I PAST beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;
And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes;
And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same ; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :
I linger'd ; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string ;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVIII.

WILD bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy:

And I — my harp would prelude woe —
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX.

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town :

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
He mixt in all our simple sports ;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling
courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the heat :

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon :

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
 Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
 And break the lifelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods ;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
 Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
 Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,
 For "ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge" he said "in form and gloss
 The picturesque of man and man."
 We talk'd : the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave ;
 And last, returning from afar,
 Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
 We heard behind the woodbine veil
 The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC.

HE tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind ;

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise :

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear,
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine ;

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands ;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would make
Confusion worse than death, and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me :
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

XCI.

WHEN rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush ;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March ;

Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;
The hope of unaccomplish'd years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange ;

Come : not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

XCII.

IF any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain ;
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast
 Together in the days behind,
 I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
 A fact within the coming year;
 And tho' the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,
 But spiritual presentiments,
 And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII.

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say
 No spirit ever brake the band
 That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
 But he, the Spirit himself, may come
 Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
 With gods in unconjectured bliss,
 O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter ; hear
The wish too strong for words to name ;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would
hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

XCV.

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone.

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth ; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time — the shocks of Chance —
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words ! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became :

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field :

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

“The dawn, the dawn,” and died away ;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not : one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true :

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them : thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII.

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees ;
He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life —
I look'd on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two — they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away ;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss :
She knows not what his greatness is,
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows ;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
 She darkly feels him great and wise,
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
"I cannot understand : I love."

XCVIII.

You leave us : you will see the Rhine,
 And those fair hills I sail'd below,
 When I was there with him ; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,
 That City. All her splendour seems
 No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair
 Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me :
 I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna ; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
 The birth, the bridal ; friend from friend
 Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
 By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
 Her shadow on the blaze of kings :
And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town

With statelier progress to and fro

The double tides of chariots flow

By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,

He told me, lives in any crowd,

When all is gay with lamps, and loud

With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;

And wheels the circled dance, and breaks

The rocket molten into flakes

Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,

So loud with voices of the birds,

So thick with lowings of the herds,

Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red

On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast

By meadows breathing of the past,

And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves

A song that slights the coming care,

And Autumn laying here and there

A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
To myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

O wheresoever those may be,
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
To-day they count as kindred souls ;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

C.

I CLIMB the hill : from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend ;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock ;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

CI.

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crane;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

CII.

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky ;
The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, " Here thy boyhood sung
Long since its matin song, and heard
The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung."

The other answers, " Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go : my feet are set
 To leave the pleasant fields and farms ;
 They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIII.

ON that last night before we went
 From out the doors where I was bred,
 I dream'd a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
 And maidens with me : distant hills
 From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
 They sang of what is wise and good
 And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang ;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,
 The shape of him I loved, and love
 For ever : then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea :

And when they learnt that I must go
 They wept and wail'd, but led the way
 To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below ;

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed ;

And still as vaster grew the shore
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before ;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb ;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart ;

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star ;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck :

Whereat those maidens with one mind
 Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:
 "We served thee here," they said, "so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?"

So rapt I was, they could not win
 An answer from my lips, but he
 Replying, "Enter likewise ye
And go with us:" they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep
 A music out of sheet and shroud,
 We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
 That wakens at this hour of rest
 A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
 In lands where not a memory strays,
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CV.

TO-NIGHT ungather'd let us leave
 This laurel, let this holly stand :
 We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
 And silent under other snows :
 There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
 The genial hour with mask and mime ;
 For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
 By which our lives are chiefly proved,
 A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
 Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm ;
 For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast ;
 Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown ;
 No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.

CVI.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVII.

It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
 To darken on the rolling brine
 That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass ;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
 To make a solid core of heat ;
 Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by ;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
 With books and music, surely we
 Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII.

I WILL not shut me from my kind,
 And, lest I stiffen into stone,
 I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind :

What profit lies in barren faith,
 And vacant yearning, tho' with might
 To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place,
 But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
 And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies :
'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX.

HEART-AFFLUENCE in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry ;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk ;

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man ;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course ;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom ;
-And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro' all the years of April blood ;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England ; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt ;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face ;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on : if they look'd in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CX.

THY converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years : *
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why ;

While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art ;

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CXI.

THE churl in spirit, up or down
 Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
 To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
 His want in forms for fashion's sake
 Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale :

For who can always act? but he,
 To whom a thousand memories call,
 Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
 Each office of the social hour
 To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
 Or villain fancy fleeting by,
 Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse
 The grand old name of gentleman
 Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII.

HIGH wisdom holds my wisdom less,
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise;
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise;

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been :

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,
Becoming, when the time has birth,
A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and go,
With agonies, with energies,
With overthrowings, and with cries
And undulations to and fro.

CXIV.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire :
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain —
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain; and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power
 And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXV.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood ; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI.

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all : the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone;
 And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
 For days of happy commune dead;
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII.

O DAYS and hours, your work is this
 To hold me from my proper place,
 A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
 And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,
 And every span of shade that steals,
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII.

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth ;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime ;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time .

Within himself, from more to more ;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX.

DOORS, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps;
I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
And bright the friendship of thine eye;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXX.

I TRUST I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;

Not only cunning casts in clay :
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things.

CXXI.

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done :

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore ;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;
Behind thee comes the greater light :

The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink ;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed ; thou art the same.

CXXII.

OH, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,
The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion one with law ;

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsiderate boy,
As in the former flash of joy,
I slip the thoughts of life and death ;

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
And every dew-drop paints a bow,
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII.

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true ;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV.

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;
Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;
He, They, One, All ; within, without ;
The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV.

WHATEVER I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI.

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII.

AND all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear ;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags :
They tremble, the sustaining crags ;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood ;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star.
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII.

THE love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade ;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new ;
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil cöoperant to an end.

CXXIX.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX.

THY voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power.
I do not therefore love thee less;

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI.

O LIVING will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure.

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house ; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this ;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years : they went and
came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more ;

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before ;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower :

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee ; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy ; full of power ;
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent ; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out : the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride ;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm
At last must part with her to thee ;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again
The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn ;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze ;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them — maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
 With him to whom her hand I gave.
 They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,
 For them the light of life increased,
 Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
 To meet and greet a whiter sun ;
 My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
 And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
 As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
 Conjecture of a stiller guest,
 Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,
 And those white-favour'd horses wait ;
 They rise, but linger ; it is late ;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she look'd, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance ; — till I retire :
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire :

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills ;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
 With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
 And breaking let the splendour fall
To spangie all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
 And, star and system rolling past,
 A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
 Result in man, be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 On knowledge; under whose command
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did,
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
 This planet, was a noble type
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE few lines that may be called the germ of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" were written late in 1833, a few months after the death of Arthur Henry Hallam.¹ Sections IX., XXVIII., XXX., XXXI., and LXXXV., or parts of them, were evidently jotted down in December of this year. These manuscript poems circulated among Tennyson's friends and were much admired.

Professor Edmund Lushington (the "true in word and tried in deed" of LXXXV.), who was with the Tennysons at Boxley during the holidays of 1841, is authority for the statement that the poet had composed a number of sections (including LI.) in the autumn of that year. In the summer of 1845 he visited the poet, who showed him the epithalamium celebrating the marriage of the Professor and Cecilia Tennyson in 1842 (pp. 130-136).

In November, 1845, Tennyson wrote to Moxon, his publisher, for "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," by Robert Chambers, who was one of the first expositors of the development theory. The book contained speculations with which Tennyson had been familiar for a dozen years, and he had dealt with them in several sections of "In Memoriam." Commenting on this passage, the son

¹ "Alfred, Lord Tennyson; a Memoir." By his son. 1897, Vol. I., p. 107.

says (Vol. I., p. 223) that the evolutionary sections of "In Memoriam," referred to here by the poet, had been written years before Chambers' book was published in 1844. Possibly the sections meant are LIV.-LVI. (pp. 54-57), CXVIII. (p. 119), and CXXIII. (p. 123).

The introductory section, "I held it truth," like the prologue (dated 1849), was one of the last things in "In Memoriam" to be written. Nearly all of the sections of the first cycle¹ of the poem (I.-XXX.) were likely composed in the latter part of 1833 or in 1834, when the events and experiences described in them were fresh in the poet's mind. Many of the remaining sections cannot be dated.

Sections C.-CIII. relate to the removal of the Tennysons from Somersby, in May, 1837, and the poet may have written them at that time, and CIV.-CV. in December, 1837. Presumably, the date of CVI., "Ring out, wild bells," is about December 31, 1837; and CXV. probably describes the spring of 1838. XCVIII. was suggested by the wedding-trip of Charles Tennyson Turner, in the summer of 1836; this much-loved brother is the "noble heart" of

¹ According to Collins, the lyrics or cantos of "In Memoriam" appear "to fall into four cycles": (1) from I. to XXX.; (2) from XXXI. to LXXVIII.; (3) from LXXIX. to CV.; (4) from CVI. to CXXXI. In Genung's elaborate analysis of the poem the recurring Christmas-tides divide the work into four parts: Introductory Stage, I.-XXVII.; First Cycle, XXVIII.-LXXVII.; Second Cycle, LXXVIII.-CIII.; Third Cycle, CIV.-CXXXI.

Another arrangement of the sections is that of Tennyson, who explained to Mr. Knowles that they fall into "nine natural groups": I.-VIII., IX.-XIX., XX.-XXVII., XXVIII.-XLIX., L.-LVIII., LIX.-LXXI., LXXII.-XCVIII., XCIX.-CIII., CIV.-CXXXI. These divisions mark "the stages of his grief," the progress and development of his thought.

LXXIX. The anniversary of Hallam's death (September 15, 1833) is spoken of in LXXII. and XCIX., and his birthday is remembered in CVII. (February 1, 1838). The dates of some other sections may be conjectured, but not with certainty. "It is a fact," wrote Tennyson to Alfred Gatty, "that the poem was written at both various times and places — through a course of years, and where their author happened to be, in Lincolnshire, London, Essex, Gloucestershire, Wales, anywhere, as the spirit moved him." In conversation with James Knowles he said: "The general way of its being written was so queer that if there were a blank space I would put in a poem. . . . I think of adding another to it, a speculative one, bringing out the thoughts of the 'Higher Pantheism,' and showing that all the arguments are about as good on one side as the other, and thus throw man back more on the primitive impulses and feelings" (*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893).

It was not until 1848 that Tennyson made up his mind to print the "Elegies," as he called the cantos of "In Memoriam." He thought of entitling the new poem "Fragments of an Elegy," and sometimes called it "The Way of the Soul." The first edition appeared in 1850. Three sections (printed in the "Memoir," Vol. I., pp. 306-307) were omitted as redundant. LIX. was inserted in the fourth edition (1851) and XXXIX. in 1871 (in the miniature edition of Tennyson's Poems). Though "In Memoriam" appeared anonymously, its authorship was no secret. The success of the book was immediate — three editions being called for in 1850.

As to the meter of "In Memoriam," the poet supposed himself to be the originator of it ("Memoir," Vol. I., pp. 305-306). He used it in two poems, "You ask me, why"

and "Love thou thy land," written in 1833. It is noteworthy that the same kind of stanza is found in the dedication, "To the Queen" (1851), also in two poems published in 1889, "To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava" and "To Ulysses."

Several writers have pointed out some similarities of thought and language in "In Memoriam" and Petrarch's poems addressed to Laura in death. Collins possibly exaggerates Tennyson's indebtedness to Petrarch when he says: "The influence of Petrarch, indeed, suffuses the whole poem as it suffuses the *Elegy of Gray*." The poem is essentially English in tone and temper. It grew out of the author's experience, and was the product of his head and heart.

Professor Genung compares "In Memoriam" with Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley's "Adonais," and finds some points of similarity in the three elegies, but they are more remarkable for their divergencies.¹ Mr. R. H. Shepherd, in his "Tennysonianism," collected a considerable number of passages from "In Memoriam" which he claims are "echoes" of certain ideas and expressions in Shakespeare's Sonnets. In some instances the resemblances are so obviously fanciful, or so far-fetched, that their origin is at least doubtful. While Tennyson has assimilated something from the older poets, the poem is throughout suffused with his own individuality.

A comparison of early texts with later shows more than sixty changes, for the most part slight verbal alterations or differences in punctuation. A considerable number of changes were made in the seventh edition, 1856, and some as late as 1883. The present text is that of 1884.

¹ "Tennyson's *In Memoriam*: its Purpose and its Structure. A Study." By John F. Genung. 1884.

PROLOGUE.

Page 7, line 1. *Strong Son of God, immortal Love.*
The expression, "immortal Love," as applied to Christ, is found in Herbert's "Love," I.—

"Immortall Love, authour of this great frame."

Tennyson explained that the word "Love" was used in the same sense as in 1 *John*, iv. Cf. his early poem, "Love and Death":—

"So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all."

P. 7, ll. 7, 8 doubtless allude to the old paintings, which represented a skull at the foot of the cross. There may be also a reference to the legend that Adam was buried on Calvary (the place of a skull), where Christ was crucified.

P. 7, ll. 15, 16. *Our wills are ours*, etc. Cf. "On a Mourner":—

"Till all thy life one way incline
With one wide Will that closes thine;"

also "De Profundis":—

"But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the world."

In one line Tennyson has tersely stated a tenet of the Hegelian philosophy, that by uniting ourselves with the Absolute Thought we realize ourselves as rational beings. Following Hegel, Dr. John Caird, in his "Philosophy of Religion" (1880), writes in the same vein: "To live no more my own life, but let my consciousness become possessed and suffused by the Infinite and Eternal life of the spirit. Yet it is just in this renunciation of self that I truly

gain myself or realize the highest possibilities of my nature. . . . It is the fulfilment and freedom of my spiritual being to become the organ of Infinite and Absolute reason" (p. 250).

"The knowledge and love of God is the giving up of all thoughts and feelings that belong to me as a mere individual self, and the identification of my thought and being with that which is above me, yet in me — the Universal or Absolute Self, which is not mine or yours, but in which all intelligent beings alike find the realization of their nature" (p. 257). See Dante's "Paradiso," Canto III.

P. 8, l. 1. *Our little systems.* Of philosophy and theology.

P. 8, l. 3. *Broken lights.* Cf. "The Higher Pantheism": —

"Glory about thee, without thee: and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom."

P. 8, l. 6. *For knowledge is of things we see.* Cf. *Romans*, viii., 24. In the following line "it" refers to knowledge. In his later poems Tennyson qualifies his position, showing the doubtful character of even the knowledge of things we see, "a straight staff bent in a pool."

P. 8, ll. 9 *et seq.* Cf. "Locksley Hall" —

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers;"

also "Love thou thy land": —

"Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds."

The expression "as before" may be a historical reference to the earlier decades of the nineteenth century, before the

days of unrest and change in the thirties. There may be also a personal reference. Remembering Arthur Hallam's period of doubt that he outgrew, the poet expresses the wish that "the great world" could grow like him, "not alone in power and knowledge," but "in reverence and charity." Cf. section XCVI. (pp. 96-97).

P. 8. l. 16. *Worlds*. The planets, "orbs of light and shade." In the following line, "my sin" is sometimes interpreted to mean the poet's excessive grief for Hallam. Robinson supplies "this elegy" after "I began." ("In Memoriam," edited with a commentary by A. W. Robinson.) Commenting on these lines, Professor Bradley says that "sin" does not refer to grief, but what the poet rightly or wrongly counted as sin in himself; he also asks forgiveness for what he considered his "worth," used in a general sense. ("A Commentary on Tennyson's In Memoriam," by A. C. Bradley.)

P. 8, ll 19, 20. Cf. *Psalms*, xvi., 2, 3; also *Psalms*, cxliii., 2.

I.

Rev. F. W. Robertson, in his notes on "In Memoriam," briefly characterizes this section, "Loss may be gain when Grief is cherished by Love."

In 1891 the poet explained the allusions in the first stanza as referring to Goethe, whom Tennyson "placed foremost among the moderns as a lyrical poet," because "consummate in so many different styles." The sentiment in the oft-quoted lines —

"That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things,"

occurs in the "West-Easterly Divan": —

"Die to the old ; live to the new ;
Grow strong with each to-morrow."

Goethe stated a similar thought in prose: "Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind ; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are."

St. Augustine is quoted as saying, in a sermon on the Ascension, "*De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus.*" Longfellow and Lowell make use of the same idea.

L. 8. After many years the poet has come to realize "the far-off interest of tears," that is, the beneficent office of death and the purifying discipline of sorrow. Cf. Shakespeare's "Sonnets," XXXI., 5; also John Burroughs' "Waiting": —

"My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears."

Gatty has this suggestive comment on stanza 3: "Love, however, shall uphold his grief with sustaining power ; for it is better to be grief-mad, and 'dance with death' (singing and dancing being a custom at ancient funerals), than become a spectacle of scorn for 'the victor Hours' to deride, after they have effaced his love-born sorrow." ("A Key to Lord Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,'" Fourth Edition, 1891, pp. 2, 3.)

II.

"First mood of sorrow. The eternal gloom of the yew tree is felt to be congenial." (Robertson.)

Cf. the second poem on the yew (XXXIX.).

In line 7 "the clock" is the dial in the church-tower

standing in the shade ("dusk") of the yew. Cf. the stanza on death in "The Two Voices":—

"I found him when my years were few,
A shadow on the graves I knew,
And darkness in the village yew."

In line 13 there was a misprint in the first edition, "the sullen" for "thee, sullen." In 14 "for" means "with desire for."

III.

"Misgivings respecting the wisdom of cherishing grief, seeing it has robed the universe in its own darkness."

(Robertson.)

In line 2 the allusion may be to the Cumæan Sibyl of the "Æneid," VI., whose cave was the entrance to the realm of shades.

In line 3, "O sweet and bitter in a breath," the thought is that sorrow adds wealth to one's experience, though hard to bear.

L. 5. *Blindly run.* As if by chance. Cf. Pope's "Essay on Man," I., 252—

"Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky."

L. 6. *A web.* Woven by fate.

Ll. 7, 8. *From out waste places,* etc. From the remote regions of the universe comes a cry of pain. Cf. lines in footnote of "The Palace of Art" (1832):—

"Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars."

The sense of misery is increased by the thought that the heat of the sun is failing, according to the nebular hypothesis. Cf. *Romans*, viii., 22.

The poet gets no comfort from the universe. As Carlyle said of the starry heaven, "It is a sad sight!"

L. 9. *The phantom, Nature.* The illusory appearance of the outer world that passes away. Cf. "The Ancient Sage,"

The phantom walls of this illusion.

In line 10 "her music" in the first edition was changed to "the music" in the seventh edition, 1856.

L. 11. *Hollow.* Cf. Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection": —

"I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.
O Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!"

L. 12. *Empty hands.* Offering no consolation. Cf. "Despair," III.: —

"And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone
in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light
was a lie —
Bright as with deathless hope — but, however they sparkled
and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of
woe like our own —
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
A fiery scroll! written over with lamentation and woe."

A more optimistic view is taken in "The Sisters": —

"My God, I would not live
Save that I think this gross hard-seeming world
Is our misshaping vision of the Powers
Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains."

L. 15. *A vice of blood.* Something abnormal, diseased.

IV.

"Struggle of the Will with the helplessness and aimlessness of grief." (Robertson.)

L. 11. *Vase of chilling tears.* The heart stunned by the sense of loss, taking no interest in life.

L. 12. *Shaken into frost.* "The temperature of still water may be reduced below the freezing-point without its being frozen; but at the least motion the water expands into ice, and breaks the glass." (Robinson.)

V.

"The heart finds relief in metrical expression."

(Robertson.)

Ll. 3, 4. Cf. "A Dream of Fair Women," closing stanzas:—

"As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat."

"The difficulty in nature," said Goethe, "is to see the law where it is concealed from us, and not to be misled by phenomena which contradict our senses." ("Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret," p. 521.)

L. 9. *Weeds.* Garments of mourning.

Ll. 11, 12. Cf. "Hamlet," Act I, 2:—

"But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

VI.

"Insufficiency of the common-place consolation suggested by the commonness of bereavement." (Robertson.)

Ll. 23, 24. In the first edition there were no inverted commas in these lines.

L. 26. *Ranging*. Arranging, an uncommon sense of this word in Tennyson. Cf. "The Two Voices" —

"Not less the bee would range her cells."

L. 44. *No second friend*. Cf. closing stanzas of LXXXV. (p. 84).

Gatty quotes a long passage from Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying," full of reflections on the uncertainty of life, which may have suggested this section of "In Memoriam."

VII.

"Desolation realized. The well-known door in the dawn of a grey, drizzling morning." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Dark house*. The home of Arthur Hallam in London, at 67 Wimpole Street.

L. 4. Cf. "Break, break, break" —

"But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand."

VIII.

"Fading of the light from all things in the absence of the loved. The fostered flower." (Robertson.)

Collins compares this section with these lines in Young's "Night Thoughts," I.: —

"The disenchanted earth

Lost all her luster. Where her glittering towns,
Her golden mountains where? — All darken'd down

To naked waste, a dreary vale of tears.

The great magician's dead."

Ll. 5, 6. Cf. Coleridge's "France," II. —

"And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves."

L. 8. *Emptied of delight.* Cf. Keats' "Lamia" —

"And Lycius' arms were empty of delight."

Ll. 19-21. *Flower of poesy.* Hallam highly appreciated Tennyson's poetic gift. His enthusiastic review of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," which appeared in *The Englishman's Magazine*, August, 1831, and later in "Remains" (pp. 303-305), greatly pleased Tennyson, who keenly felt the neglect of his early books of verse on the part of the public.

IX.

"Benison on the ship which brings back the remains of one 'more than a brother.'" (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Italian shore.* The port of Trieste, whence the ship sailed, bearing Hallam's body to England. Arthur died in Vienna, September 15, 1833, but several months passed before the remains were brought to Dover, and thence conveyed by coach to Clevedon. Here he was buried (January 3, 1834) in the vault of Clevedon Church. Cf. the invocation to the ship in Horace, "Odes," I., 3: —

"Navis, quæ tibi creditum

Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis

Reddas incolumen, precor;

Et serves animæ dimidium meæ."

L. 10. *Phosphor.* Venus, the morning star.

L. 20. Cf. LXXIX. (p. 74).

X.

"A certain natural instinct of feeling connects the idea of rest with a Christian grave on shore rather than with one at sea." (Robertson.)

L. 5. *Bring'st*. The word "bringest" occurs in the first edition; soon afterward changed to "bring'st," but "bringest" reappears in some editions before 1878.

Ll. 11-20. A last resting-place on English soil, which Tennyson makes so much of, was denied to his son Lionel, who was buried at sea. Cf. "To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava" (1889). "The roaring wells" are probably ocean whirlpools or eddies. "Tangle" means seaweed.

XI.

"This poem would describe a calm and quiet day in October—late autumn." (Gatty.)

According to the poet, the scenery described "does not refer to Clevedon, but to some Lincolnshire wold, from which the whole range from marsh to the sea was visible."

L. 2. *A calmer grief*. Than mine.

L. 12. *Bounding main*. The limiting sea. Cf. XVII., "the bounding sky."

L. 16. *A calm despair*. Cf. other sections describing his feelings, XIII., XVI., LXXXIV., and CXXV.

XII.

"Whilst my body rests my spirit is off, like a carrier pigeon, straight for the ship to circle round it in reverie. It is coming, but how sadly!" (Robinson.)

Ll. 1, 2. These lines recall the story of Noah and the Flood. See *Genesis*, viii.

L. 3. *Message knit*, etc. Writing fastened under the wing.

Ll. 6, 7. *I leave this mortal ark*, etc. Cf. section XCV., stanzas 9-11; also "The Ancient Sage":—

"For more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine — and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were Sun to spark — unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

XIII.

"Tears flow afresh as the terrible void is gradually realized. And yet, so strange does it all appear that it will need time to convince the imagination that the whole is not a dream." (Robinson.)

L. 1. *When he sees*, etc. In sleep, that is, while dreaming (not when he wakes, as Gatty supposes), he fancies that his wife is beside him, as Milton thought he saw his "late espoused saint."

L. 3. *Doubtful*. Cf. "doubtful light," "doubtful smile," "doubtful shore," "doubtful throne," for the varying uses of this epithet in Tennyson's writings.

L. 9. Supply "my tears" before "which weep," etc.

L. 13. In the first edition this line read: "Come, Time, and teach me many years." Apparently this reading has misled Gatty, who says: "He therefore asks Time to teach him 'many years' — for years to come — the real truth, and

make him feel that these strange things, over which his tears are shed, are not merely a prolonged dream." (p. 17.)

L. 16. Cf. XIX., 9; also, by way of contrast, XLIX.

XIV.

"Natural conception of the departed as if he were living still. Death at first impossible to realize." (Robertson). Cf. Wordsworth's "We are Seven"; also Cowper's "Lines after receiving his Mother's Picture."

XV.

"Simultaneous feelings of calm despair and wild unrest find something in the tempest both harmonious and discordant with themselves." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Begin*. "Began" in the first edition.

L. 10. *Thy motions*. Of the ship.

L. 11. *Molten glass*. In explanation of this expression Gatty cites *Job*, xxxvii., 18, which compares the sky with "a molten looking-glass." Evidently the "plane of molten glass" is the unruffled sea, over which the ship gently moves. Cf. *Revelation*, iv., 6.

L. 18. *Laboring*. Toiling. Cf. Keats, "Hyperion," I.:—

"As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen roar
Was with its stored thunder laboring up;"

also the line in the germ of "In Memoriam"—

"The vapor labors up the sky,"

in the "Memoir," I., p. 107.

XVI.

"Surprise at the contrast between the apparently inconsistent forms of grief." (Robertson.)

L. 2. *Calm despair and wild unrest.* The states of mind described in XI, and XV.

L. 7. *Form.* Mood or frame of mind. C. E. Benham suggests "that in sorrow man does not know his own state, but merely imagines that his surroundings represent his mood, while the real self is no more seen by the man than the lake's reflection is seen by the lake in which it is mirrored."

L. 15. *Power to think.* Cf. "The Two Voices" :—

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Nor any train of reason keep."

XVII.

"The ship arrives ; henceforth sacred to imagination."
(Robertson.)

L. 2. *Compell'd.* Impelled.

L. 15. *Balmy drops.* Of dew. Cf. "The Talking Oak" :—

"All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!"

L. 17. *Office.* The service of bringing home Arthur's "loved remains."

XVIII.

"There is comfort in the knowledge that he is to be laid to rest amid home-like surroundings: but how gladly even now would I impart to him, if I might, my failing life. This, if it is not to fail altogether, must support itself upon his memory." (Robinson.)

Ll. 1, 2. This statement, like others in "In Memoriam," is not strictly biographical in all of its details. Tennyson was not present at the funeral, and he did not visit the grave until 1850. The remains of Arthur Henry Hallam

do not lie in the graveyard, but beneath the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, England.

Ll. 3, 4. Cf. "Hamlet," Act V., 1:—

"Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!"

Ll. 7, 8. Hallam's burial-place was in Clevedon, the home of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton. "A place selected," says his father, "not only from the connection of kindred, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel." ("Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam," Preface.)

"In all England," writes Anne Thackeray Ritchie, "there is not a sweeter place than the sunny old Court [Clevedon Court, burnt in 1883] upon the hill, with its wide prospects and grassy terraces, where Arthur Hallam must have played in his childhood, whence others of his kindred, touched with his own bright and beautiful spirit, have come forth." ("Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning," p. 22.)

L. 9. The tenant farmers on the Elton estate were the bearers of the coffin at the burial (January 3, 1834).

L. 11. *Whatever*. That is, whatever human being.

L. 12. *The ritual*. The burial-service read by the vicar of Clevedon, Rev. W. N. Pedder. "The day was fine," says Napier, "the hour of burial one o'clock, no flowers, no music, only the tolling of the large bell in the tower." ("The Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," 1892, p. 133.)

Ll. 14, 15. Cf. *II. Kings*, iv., 34.

L. 18. *And slowly forms the firmer mind*. Contrast his

present mood of resolution with the state of mind described in XVI., stanzas 4 and 5. The line is an echo of I. : —

“That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

XIX.

“As the tidal waters of the Severn, at the full, stifle the sounds of the inflowing Wye, so there are deep waters of sorrow which make utterance impossible. Only in the intervals when these abate, a little can be said.” (Robinson.)

L. 1. *The Danube to the Severn.* From Vienna to Clevedon.

Ll. 3, 4. St. Andrew's Church stands half a mile south of Clevedon, on the bank of the Severn near where it empties into the British Channel. The spot is renowned for its picturesque solitude. “Other scenes in nature may be grander, but lovelier there are none than the view, on a fair summer morning, from the eastern shore of the upper part of the Bristol Channel. Seated on the thymy hills of happy Clevedon, sloping so delicately to the edge of the wild, seaweed-mantled crags, upon whose feet the impetuous waves, dashing and tossing, seem never weary of flinging their white beauty, — as we gaze upon the opposite coast, the picture in these verses is completely and most exquisitely realized.”

L. 7. *Half the babbling Wye.* The Wye, which is nearly opposite Clevedon, is tidal about half of its course. “The river is full of little rapids. With the rising of the tide the waterfalls are submerged and silenced.”

L. 9. *Nor moved along.* The current of the Wye toward the sea is for the time stopped by the inflowing tide

This section was written in Tintern Abbey.

XX.

"The servants in a desolated house may speak of the master who is dead, while the children are mute in their misery. These last are like the deeper griefs which refuse to find relief in expression." (Robinson.)

L. 12. *And tears that at their fountain freeze.* See IV., 12. Cf. Byron's "Stanzas for Music" —

"That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears."

Byron borrowed the metaphor from Gray's "Poemata" —

"O Lachrymarum fons," etc.

Bradley quotes two lines from a poem by Sara Coleridge :

"But tears will take the accustomed course
Till time their fountains freeze."

XXI.

"Rude blame cast upon these complaints: yet great Nature has her way, and Sorrow its rights." (Robertson.)

L. 3. *Grasses of the grave.* By poetic license Tennyson uses this expression "as if Hallam's grave was in the churchyard, where grasses waved; but it was not so, he was buried inside Clevedon Church." (Gatty.)

L. 4. *Pipes whereon to blow.* Cf. Milton's "Comus" —

"Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops."

Ll. 15, 16. These lines evidently refer to the growth of republicanism in England and in Europe.

Ll. 18-20. *Where Science reaches*, etc. Many passages in "In Memoriam" evince the awakening interest in science, especially geology and astronomy, in the Victorian age. "Moon" is variously interpreted to mean "month" (as in XXVI., 3), "planet" or "world" (according to

Jacobs, "A Study of 'In Memoriam,'" p. 92, it must be Neptune), and "satellite." Neptune was discovered September 23, 1846, and the satellite of Neptune October 10, 1846. The satellites of Uranus and Saturn were discovered in 1847. Jacobs concludes that this section was written very late, but possibly the fifth stanza was added in 1846 or 1847, while the other stanzas may date back to 1834.

Ll. 23, 24. Cf. the lines in "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre," Bk. II., chap. 11.: —

"Ich singe wie der Vogel singt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnt." ¹

L. 25. In the first edition this line was, "And unto one her note is gay." 27 read, "And unto one her note is changed."

As an example of the unfavorable criticism to which the poet refers, a letter of FitzGerald to W. B. Donne (dated January 29, 1845) has been cited: "A. T. has near a volume of poems — elegiac — in memory of Arthur Hallam. Don't you think the world wants other notes than elegiac now? Lycidas is the utmost length an elegiac should reach."

XXII.

"It was a delightsome path which led us down when we least expected it, into the valley of the Shadow of Death; where I am now left, but only I could hope for a little while, to journey alone." (Robinson.)

According to Collins, this section "has an exact counterpart in Petrarch's forty-seventh sonnet" ("To Laura in

¹ "I sing but as the linnet sings
That on the green bough dwelleth."

(Tr. by Carlyle, 1824)

Death"). Shepherd compares stanzas 1 and 2 with Shakespeare's "Sonnets," CIV., 3-8:

"Three winters cold
Have from the forests 'shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd
Since first I saw you," etc.

L. 3. *Thro' four sweet years.* Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson first met in the school year of 1828-1829. They entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the same time, October, 1828. Their friendship seems to have begun several months later, about the time when Arthur was eighteen (Alfred being a year and a half older). It lasted four and a half years (February, 1829-September, 1833).

L. 12. *Shadow.* Death, which snatched Hallam away, September 15, 1833.

L. 15. *Formless.* Bodiless.

L. 19. *Waste.* The wilderness that the bereaved poet entered then, because of his loneliness and desolation of spirit.

XXIII.

"So near a view of Death does but make more vivid the memories of a past which was richly filled with bright and beautiful life." (Robinson.)

L. 12. *Pan.* "The woodland deity of hills and flocks."

L. 19, 20. Cf. "The Two Voices":

"'Yea!' said the voice, 'thy dream was good,
While thou abodest in the bud.
It was the stirring of the blood.

"'If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?'"

Ll. 21-24. These lines refer to their college studies, more especially Greek philosophy and poetry.

XXIV.

“Query: How much the Past owes its seeming perfectness to imagination?” (Robertson.)

L. 4. *Isles of night.* Spots in the sun.

L. 8. In the first edition this line was, “Since Adam left his garden yet,” which was changed to the present reading about 1878. “Even up to 1878 the poet has been altering; in the collected edition of that year (in one volume) he changed ‘Since Adam left his garden yet’ to ‘Since our first Sun arose and set,’ doubtless to avoid the *senseless* ‘yet’ of the original reading (inserted *metri causâ*), but exchanging the graphic Adam — with its reference to ‘Paradise’ — of line 6 for the vaguer ‘first Sun.’ There are no less than sixty-two verbal changes from the original form of 1850.” (Jacobs, p. 57.)

L. 12. The reading of the first edition was, “Hath stretch’d my former joy so great,” changed in the seventh edition (1856) to the present reading.

Ll. 13, 14. Cf. Campbell’s “’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view”; also LXXIV., stanzas 2 and 3 (p. 70).

XXV.

“Reply: Life’s burden was halved by Love. It is so halved no longer.” (Robertson.)

L. 12. Cf. Bacon’s Essay, “Of Friendship”: “But one thing is most Admirable which is that this Communicating of a Mans self to his Frend works two contrarie effects: For it redoubleth Joyes, and cutteth Griefes in Halves. For there is no Man, that imparteth his Joyes to his Frend,

but he joyeth the more: And no man that imparteth his Griefes to his Friend but hee grieveth the lesse."

XXVI.

"The idea of death less dreadful than the conception of the possibility of forgetting." (Robertson.)

Ll. 5-16. *And if that eye*, etc. "He asks that if the all-seeing Eye, which already perceives the future rottenness of the living tree, and the far-off ruin of the now standing tower, can detect any coming indifference in him—any failure of Love—then may the 'Shadow waiting with the keys' 'shroud me from my proper scorn'; may Death hide me from my own self-contempt!" (Gatty.)

L. 10. *In Him is no before*. Cf. "Paradise Lost," III., 77:—

"God beholding from his prophet high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds";

also "The Princess," III.:—

"Let there be light, and there was light: 'tis so:
For was, and is, and will be, are but is."

L. 13. The reading in the first edition was "So might I find," changed to "Then might I find" in the seventh edition, 1856. In 16 "To cloak me" became "To shroud me" in 1856.

L. 14. *Indian*. Easter.

L. 16. *Proper*. Own (Lat. *proprius*).

Cf. "The Princess," VI., 284, "each to her proper hearth."

Jacobs, in his "Study of 'In Memoriam'" (pp. 52-57), has some interesting comments on Tennyson's use of Anglo-Saxon and Latin words.

"With regard to Tennyson's *vocabulary* in the poem

before us, the remarkable predominance of Anglo-Saxon must strike every one. Of the 1469 words which comprise the first ten poems (*Introd.*, and I.-IX.) only 95 are of foreign parentage, while of the 1123 composing CXXII.-CXXXI., but 106 are from non-Teutonic sources, *i.e.*, 93.54 per cent. of Anglo-Saxon in the first ten poems, 90.56 in the last ten, and an average of 92.25 in the twenty poems taken together. This shows a large preponderance of the Teutonic elements of the language. In examining the *unusual* words or words, used in unusual significance, the same preponderance exists, and many of the most striking verbal effects of the poem are due to it. This is specially noteworthy in the graphic use of Anglo-Saxon EPITHETS (*e.g.* 'slight,' *Introd.* 29; 'branding,' II., 11; 'wandering,' VI., 16; 'pattering,' XI., 4; 'wildly dash'd,' XV., 7; 'fringed,' *ibid.*, 20; 'lavish,' XXIII., 11; 'shower'd,' XXIX., 7; 'homeless,' XXXV., 9; 'sliding,' XLIII., 5; 'slinging,' L., 8; 'lightsome,' LXV., 8; 'wizard,' LXX., 14; 'foreshorten'd,' LXXVII., 4; 'steaming,' LXXXV., 69; 'budded,' LXXXVIII., 2; 'midmost,' *ibid.*, 7; 'brawling,' LXXXIX., 11; 'winking,' *ibid.*, 16; 'mellowing,' *ibid.*, 20; 'suck'd,' XCV., 53; 'thick,' XCIX., 3; 'twisting,' CI., 12; 'sailing,' CI., 16; 'rathe,' CX., 2; 'coltish,' CXI., 7; 'greening,' CXV., 14). . . . In two instances the poet has even translated common words of classical origin into homely Saxon (though probably influenced by metrical reasons): 'mother town' (= metropolis), XCVIII., 21; 'the thousand years of peace' (=millennium), CVI., 28. Yet the poet laureate was no pedantic purist, and did not disdain to enrich his verse with expressive and resonant romance phraseology ('chalice,' X., 16; 'bastion,' XV., 20; 'compell'd,' XVII., 2; 'ranged,' XXI., 26 [*cf.* Fr. *se ranger*]; 'orb,' XXIV., 15; 'equal'

[= æqualis], XXV., 2; 'proper,' XXVI., 16; 'herald,' XXXVIII., 6; 'secular,' XLI., 23; 'image,' CII., 24; 'Reveillée,' LXVIII., 8; 'scarped,' LVI., 2; 'prime,' LVI., 22; 'civic,' LXIX., 8; 'lattice,' LXX., 15; 'mimic,' LXXVIII., 11; 'blazon'd,' LXXXVII., 8; 'purlieus,' LXXXIX., 12; 'rapt,' LXXXVII., 32 [*cf.* XCVII., 19]; 'azure orbits,' *ibid.*, 38; 'fluent,' CXVIII., 9; 'cyclic,' CXVIII., 11), while all the new words invented by the poet ('Æonian,' XXXV., 11 [*cf.* XCV., 41, and CXXVII., 16]; 'intervital,' XLIII., 3; 'remerging,' XLVII., 4; 'tender-pencil'd,' XLIX., 12; 'immantled,' LXXXIX., 14; 'plumelets,' XCI., 1; 're-orient,' CXVI., 6; 'coöperant,' CXXVIII., 24) are of classical origin."

XXVII.

"But however great my suffering may be, I am certain that it is vastly to be preferred to any contentment which is due merely to a lack of sensibility." (Robinson.)

L. 2. *Noble rage.* Cf. Gray's "Chill Penury repress their noble rage."

L. 7. *Unfetter'd by the sense of crime.* Without a higher nature, "the law within." See "Memoir," I., p. 170.

L. 12. *Want-begotten rest.* Through lack of sensitiveness to higher things. Cf. XXXV., 19-24. "Any contentment due to a vacuum."¹

L. 13. *I hold it true.* Cf. I., "I held it truth."

Ll. 15, 16. Cf. Tennyson's early poem "To J. S.":—

"God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown

¹ "In Memoriam" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson; with an Analysis and Notes by H. C. Beeching, p. 27.

To ripeness that on which it throve,
Falls off, and love is left alone."

See also LXXXV., 3, 4.

Speaking of Tennyson's lavish use of alliterations, Jacobs says: "One finds, as might have been expected, that the liquids lend themselves most easily to the device, L is a particular favorite: the celebrated passage about 'loved and lost' (XXVII., 13-16) is quite a symphony in L, and the poet betrays a peculiar fondness for the phrase." He cites as instances I., 15; IV., 16; VII., 2; LXX., 11, 12; LXXIX., 14; CV., 1, 2, 3; CXIX., 7.

In section XXVII. the poet reaches the conclusion that deplorable as is his condition, sadder still is the state of one who does not remember or feel his loss. Here ends what Genung calls the introductory stage of the poem, that of grief. Although the poet's feeling is still bitter, and so far his grief has been scarcely opposed, he has made some progress toward recovery.

The character of the four main divisions of "In Memoriam" may be briefly summed up: the first cycle is elegiac and autobiographical; the second, speculative and reflective; the third, personal and reminiscent; and the fourth, general and optimistic.

XXVIII.

"Soothing power of Christmas bells, which blend old associations of boyhood with present bitterness."

(Robertson.)

L. 1. *The time.* Christmas Eve, December 25, 1833.

L. 5. *Four hamlets.* According to Rawnsley, a shepherd living in the neighborhood of Somersby, declared

that on Christmas night the bells heard were those of Telford, Hagg, Langton, and Ormsby.

Ll. 13-16. Cf. Goethe's "Faust," Part I., for the effect of Easter bells in leading Faust's thoughts away from suicide. Cf. XXXIV., st. 4; also "The Two Voices."

L. 18. *For they controll'd me when a boy.* Cf. "Far — far — away": —

"What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far — far — away.

"What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,
Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy
Far — far — away?"

L. 20. *Yule.* "Christmas time. A. S. *geðl*, connected with a verb *gylan*, to make merry." (Robinson.)

XXIX.

"Christmas-eve kept for ancient custom's sake."
(Robertson.)

L. 5. *A welcome guest.* Arthur Hallam, the betrothed of Emilia Tennyson.

L. 9. *Yet go.* Addressed to those who are to decorate the Somersby church.

L. 11. *Use and wont.* Cf. CV., st. 3.

L. 13. *Old sisters*, etc., histories, traditions, habits. Cf. the motto to Chapter XIV. of Scott's "Pirate":

"We'll keep our customs — what is law itself,
But old establish'd custom? What religion
(I mean, with one-half of the men that use it),
Save the good use and wont that carries them
To worship how and where their fathers worshipp'd?
All things resolve in custom — we'll keep ours."

— OLD PLAY.

L. 16. *They too will die.* See opening lines of "The Epic," which may refer to the Christmas sports and festivities described by Washington Irving in "The Sketch Book": —

"And there we held a talk,
How all the old honor had from Christmas gone,
Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games
In some odd nooks like this."

XXX.

"Christmas-day. Successive moods. Forced mirth succeeded by tears, silence, and then by degrees sweeter hope." (Robertson.)

L. 8. *Shadow.* In XXVI., 14, Shadow refers to Death. Gatty interprets it here as "Hallam's wraith." Cf. the epilogue, 86, "a stiller guest" (p. 133).

L. 16. *Last year.* The reference is to the Christmas of 1832, which Hallam spent at Somersby.

Ll. 22-28. These lines strike the keynote of the poem, the immortal life. "From orb to orb" = from world to world. "Veil" is evidently the body or vesture with which the spirit clothes itself. Cf. LXXXII., 5, 6; also "The Ring":

"No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows and rules —
And utter knowledge is but utter love —
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the Spheres — an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth."

L. 32. *Hope.* The hope of personal immortality, which Christ brought to light. Tennyson once remarked to Bishop Lightfoot: "The cardinal point of Christianity is the Life after Death." (II. *Timothy*, i., 10.)

XXXI.

"Present state of the departed. Questions thereon suggested by the peculiar case of Lazarus." (Robertson.)

L. 15. *He told it not.* Lazarus was silent as to his experience in the interim. Cf. "The Palace of Art" —

"There comes no murmur of reply."

L. 16. *Evangelist.* St. John, the only apostle who recorded the story. (*John*, xi.)

XXXII.

"With Mary even love for her brother was superseded by the overpowering sense of that Love which had done so much for him and her. And is not that the best and truest life in which curious questionings and doubts disappear before the realized certainties of worship and devotion?" (Robinson.)

L. 1. *Prayer.* Adoration. The thought is the same in 13, "prayers."

L. 9. *Subtle thought*, etc. Speculation regarding the other life, or curiosity as to the mysteries of the beyond.

Ll. 11, 12. See *John*, xii., 3.

L. 16. *Theirs.* One of many instances of imperfect rhymes in "In Memoriam." Jacob says: "They mount up to no less than 168 in 1448 couplets; in other words, one out of every nine is incorrect." His list, however, contains rhymes to which the average critic would make no objection.

XXXIII.

"Danger of unsettling simple faith by unfixing it from form." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Thou*. No particular individual is meant probably. The description, though vague, fits a rationalist of pantheistic leanings, like Carlyle or Emerson, one whose point of view is not that of an orthodox believer. The "toil and storm" suggest the intellectual and spiritual conflicts of Arthur Hallam. (XCVI.)

L. 4. *Form*. The Christian creed, including the outward acts of devotion or ritual. Cf. "The Ancient Sage" —

"And cling to faith beyond the forms of Faith!"

Contrast the attitude of the Soul in "The Palace of Art":

"I sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

The value of forms is emphasized in "Akbar's Dream."

L. 6. *Her early Heaven*. The foretaste of heaven which she enjoys below, the ecstasy which she feels in prayer. Another interpretation is "the Heaven of which she was taught in childhood."

L. 8. *Melodious days*. Gatty cites Statius, I., 3:

"— ceu veritus turbare Vopisci
Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos."

See Tennyson's lines to Rosalind, published in 1832 and afterward omitted: —

"My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,
Is one of those who know no strife
Of inward woe or outward fear;
To whom the slope and stream of Life,
The life before, the life behind,
In the ear, from far and near,
Chimeth musically clear."

L. 11. *Flesh and blood.* The sacrament of the Holy Communion. "To flesh and blood she has linked a truth divine, by seeing God incarnate in the person of Christ."

(Gatty.)

L. 14. *The law within.* Conscience, the guidance of reason. The expression is found in "The Princess," V., 181. Cf. the lines in "The Ancient Sage," which evidently refer to the moral sense in man:

"But louder than thy rhyme the silent Word
Of that world-prophet in the heart of man."

XXXIV.

"The universe a dark enigma, and life meaningless, separate from the supposition of immortality."

(Robertson.)

"In this section and in XXXV.," says Bradley, "the poet turns from 'truth revealed' to seek for intimations of immortality in his own nature."

Ll. 1, 2. Of the future state the poet feels confident. His nature or temperament, as a poet-seer, is such that he is easily persuaded. The argument or evidence for personal immortality, as presented in "In Memoriam," will probably be regarded as inadequate, except by those who wish to believe it. No proof that human ingenuity can devise or suggest amounts to demonstration. It is a matter of faith. Science is non-committal on the subject. Once, in conversation with Mrs. Anne Gilchrist, Tennyson "spoke of the futility of mere argument about immortality and such topics, it being wholly a matter of instinct and unprovable." ("Anne Gilchrist: Life and Writings," p. 170.)

An English writer remarks: "A questioning age feels,

like Tennyson, the need of a larger hope to give nobility to life; but it cannot stifle the doubt whether man is, after all, more than a phantom passing through a world of shadows."

Ll. 3, 4. For a commentary on these lines, also stanzas 3 and 4, see "Despair": —

"O we poor orphans of nothing — alone on that lonely shore —
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she
bore !

Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly
fruit —

Come from the brute, poor souls — no souls — and to die
with the brute.

* * * * *

"Tho', glory and shame dying out for ever in endless time,
Does it matter so much whether crown'd for a virtue, or
hang'd for a crime ?"

Cf. "Wages" and "Vastness"; also the discussion in
"The Two Voices."

L. 5. *This round of green, this orb of flame.* The earth and the sun. Robinson thinks "orb of flame" is the earth as it appears at a great distance, that is, as a "fiery planet." Cf. "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

"Hesper — Venus — were we native to that splendor or in
Mars,

We should see the Globe we groan in, fairest of their evening
stars."

XXXV.

"And love itself without that belief would be a satyr's feeling." (Robertson.)

L. 2. *The narrow house.* The grave.

Ll. 9-12. Commenting on this stanza, Tennyson said

to Mr. Knowles (*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893): —
 "The vastness of the future — the enormity of the ages to come after your little life — would act against that love." The word "Æonian" (lasting ages or æons) is from the Greek. "Homeless" is used by Shelley in "Alastor," "homeless streams."

L. 14. *Forgetful shore*. Cf. Milton's "Paradise Lost":

"The sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake."

L. 19. *As Death*. That is, as an eternal sleep or extinction of being.

L. 21. *Sluggish words*. Cf. XXVII., stanzas 1, 2, 3.

XXXVI.

"The blessing of having Truth incarnated in a life in Christ." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Truths*. Intuitions; or, as Gatty says, "the great truths of religion," which "at best we only see as through a glass darkly." The thought of this section seems to be that intuition is reënforced by revelation. Cf. "The Two Voices": —

"Who forged that other influence,
 That heat of inward evidence,
 By which he doubts against the sense?"

L. 4. *Him that made them current coin*. Christ, the type referred to in XXXIII., Divine Wisdom incarnated.

L. 6. *Truth in closest words*. Abstract statements. Cf. the thought in "Akbar's Dream," which describes religious "forms" as

"A silken cord let down from Paradise
 When fine Philosophies would fail."

L. 7. *Truth embodied in a tale.* In the form of a parable.

L. 8. *The Word.* God manifest in the flesh, "the revelation of the Eternal Thought of the universe." See *John*, i., 1-5. Cf. Goethe's "Faust," Part I.

L. 13. *Which he may read.* In the Gospels.

L. 15. *Those wild eyes.* Of the Pacific islanders.

XXXVII.

"The apology. Appearance of profanation in the introduction of revealed truths." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Urania.* Heavenly muse, as in "Paradise Lost," VII., 1 —

"Descend from heaven, Urania."

L. 6. *Parnassus.* The mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the muses.

L. 9. *Melpomene.* Tragic muse; here the Muse of Elegy.

L. 11. *Ev'n to speak.* In first edition, "but to speak."

Ll. 13-16. Cf. sections V., VIII., and XXI., also last stanza of XXXVII.

L. 19. *And dear to me as sacred wine.* In first edition, "And dear as sacramental wine"; changed to present reading in 1856.

L. 22. *Truth reveal'd.* The Bible.

XXXVIII.

"The sadness of his heart was fully returned, and the journey of life is dull and weary. The skies above and the prospect before him are no longer what they used to be when Hallam was by." (Gatty.)

L. 5. *Blowing.* Blossoming.

L. 6. Cf. Shakespeare's "Sonnets," I.:

"Only herald to the gaudy spring."

Ll. 7, 8. Cf. V., st. 2. The elegies that he is writing afford him some relief, a subdued "gleam of solace."

Ll. 9, 10. The mood of certainty in XXX. has been succeeded by one of doubt.

XXXIX.

"The yew tree does really blossom, and form fruit and seed like other trees, though we may not notice it. . . . So the spirit of the poet may brighten for a moment, and then return to its accustomed melancholy." (Gatty.)

This section, written at Farringford (April, 1868), was first published in 1871. According to Genung, it alludes to II., "and adds another link in the same chain of references to sorrow and nature, by showing how the heart which sorrow has deadened into despair in the face of nature, is yet touched and cheered by the awaking life of springtide."

In II. the poet found the yew an image of gloom and stoicism. In XXXIX. the tree shows signs of life and "has its interval of brightness." See "Memoir," II., p. 53.

L. 3. *Smoke*. The pollen of the yew flying in the air. Cf. lines in "The Holy Grail" (written at the same time as XXXIX.):—

"A world-old yew tree, darkening half
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke."

L. 10. *Lying lips*. Cf. III., 4, "thy lying lips."

L. 11. *Kindled at the tips*. "The flower is bright yellow in color, but very minute; but when the tree is

shaken the pollen comes off like dust, and then the tree seems to resume its old gloom." (Gatty.)

XL.

"Death the spirit's bridal-day. But the bride returns to her friends; not so the spirit." (Robertson.)

L. 8. *Make April*, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra," III., 2:—

"The April 's in her eyes; it is love's spring."

L. 12. *Other realms of love*. Cf. "To H. R. H. Princess Beatrice":—

"The later-rising Sun of spousal Love,
Which from her household orbit draws the child
To move in other spheres. The Mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life."

L. 17. *Unto thee*. To his lost friend, Hallam.

L. 19. Up to 1878 this line read, "In such great offices as suit." Alluding to the juxtaposition of sibilants in "as suit," the poet said to Mr. Knowles: "I hate that—I should not write so now. I'd almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two s's come together."

L. 32. *Undiscover'd lands*. Cf. "Hamlet," III., 1, "the undiscover'd country."

XLI.

"Vague suspicion of eternal severance by immeasurable inferiority." (Robertson.)

L. 11. *The grades*. Possibly the mortal bounds of this life; or, more likely, the poet's wish is that he might at once overleap the stages that Arthur has traversed in the eternal life and so rejoin his lost comrade.

Ll. 13, 14. Cf. Bacon, "Essay," II.: "Men fear Death as children fear to go in the dark."

L. 15. *The gulfs beneath*. The underworld as conceived by ancient and mediæval writers.

L. 16. Cf. the dedication of "The Palace of Art":

"And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness."

Bradley thinks "howlings" is a reminiscence of Claudio's speech, in "Measure for Measure," III., 1:—

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
. . . or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling."

Tennyson may have been thinking of the description of Hades in the "Odyssey," XI., and of the Tartarean fields visited by Æneas. Both Ulysses and Æneas heard cries and loud wailing. As to the force of "forgotten," Bradley suggests "forgotten by Heaven."

Ll. 17, 18. The "inner trouble" is described more fully in L. and LV. Even if there be a future life, he fears separation in the hereafter, no more companionship of friend with friend.

L. 23. *The secular to-be*. The ages of the future. Cf. "Æonian" (XXXV., 11) and "the secular abyss" (LXXVI., 5).

XLII.

"Yet reunion in place may restore the attitude of loving discipleship in spite of inferiority." (Robertson.)

L. 2. *Still*. Always, ever.

L. 5. *Place, retain.* Identity of location or abode keeps us together.

L. 7. *Large experience.* A fund of extensive knowledge gained in the hereafter.

L. 8. *The mind.* My mind.

XLIII.

"If death be unconscious trance, love, as after sleep, will begin again." (Robertson.)

L. 2. *Every spirit's folded bloom.* In an intermediate state of sleep, like a flower closed at night.

L. 3. *Intervital gloom.* State of unconsciousness between this life and the next.

L. 5. *Sliding hour.* Cf. "Locksley Hall," "Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland."

L. 7. *Silent traces of the past,* etc. "The remembrance of the past night remain, as the smell and color do in the sleeping flower."

L. 9. *So.* In the first edition "But," changed in 1856 to "So." In 13 the reading until 1856 was, "And love would last."

L. 15. *Spiritual prime.* The reawakening of spirits on the morning of the resurrection. See Tennyson's explanation of this section. ("Memoir," II., p. 421.)

This speculation regarding the unconscious state of the dead is at variance with the general tenor of the poem as a whole. The place of the departed, according to Tennyson's habitual mode of imagining, is not a vast chamber of spirit-sleepers, if such can be imagined, whose dreamless slumber is undisturbed through the remaining cycles of time. Heaven, as he conceived it, is a theatre of life and joyous activity, where there is blissful intercourse with

friends gone before and blessed union with the God of light and love. It is a home made glorious by the presence of Christ.

XLIV.

"Is the life beyond merely oblivion, mixed up with gleams of recollection, as here?" (Robertson.)

Bradley has a long discussion of this section. He rejects the supposition of preëxistence advanced by Genung and Beeching.

L. 2. In this life the individual is continually growing. Cf. "Locksley Hall," "the world is more and more."

Ll. 3, 4. He forgets the incidents that occurred in infancy, before the sutures of the skull closed. The two membranous spaces ("doorways") on the top of the head are hardened into bone in the second year.

L. 8. *A mystic hint.* A vague memory of things seen in babyhood.

Ll. 10, 11. In case death, like a draught of "Lethean springs," produces forgetfulness of the past, he hopes there may be some faint remembrance of the earthly life. Cf. "The Two Voices":—

"As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro' from state to state,"

L. 12. *Peers.* Hallam's companions in his new abode.

L. 15. *My guardian angel.* Cf. *Matthew*, xviii., 10.

XLV.

"To the bodily life we owe the growth of individual mind and memory, which surely will not be lost again at death." (Beeching.)

L. 9. *So rounds he*, etc. So he develops the sense of self-consciousness, as nebula becomes an orb. Cf. "Eleanor," "round his orb."

L. 11. *The frame*, etc. The connection of the mind with matter teaches it the "Me" and the "Not-Me." The spirit issues from "the general Soul," Emerson's "Over-Soul," and "strikes its being into bounds" (epilogue, 123). In conversation with Mrs. Gilchrist the poet spoke of our "having a little bit of God in the middle of us."

L. 13. *This use*, etc. The realization of individuality, in preparation for the second life. Consciousness of self and not-self implies a personal identity distinct from a succession of feelings or a series of passive experiences. "Blood and breath," this mortal habitation in flesh.

XLVI.

"For us who are forward-bound it is best that the past should for the most part fade from view: but by the departed in the calm light of eternity all may be safely seen."
(Robinson.)

L. 1. *This lower track*. Of human life.

L. 3. *Shadow'd*. Shaded; the past is rendered less distinct, because of the greater importance of the present.

Ll. 5-9. In the "white radiance of Eternity" his whole life, from birth to death, will stand out clear. Cf. "The Ancient Sage":—

"But with the Nameless is nor Day nor Hour;
Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from thought to thought,
Break into 'Thens' and 'Whens' the Eternal Now."

Ll. 10, 11. Incidentally, in these lines and others, the poet gives side glances at the times, the prosperous years of peace following the Napoleonic wars.

Ll. 12-14. The five years of their friendship.

Ll. 15, 16. He prays that Love may irradiate his entire life from beginning to ending, as it has tinted that richest period of their companionship (1829-1833). Cf. CXXVI.

XLVII.

"Love shrinks from Pantheism, and demands mutual recognition and separate identity hereafter." (Robertson.)

L. 2. *Move his rounds.* Through this life.

Ll. 3, 4. The outlines of self melted and lost in the Infinite, absorbed again into "the eternal One," as comets fall into the sun.

L. 15. *Fade away.* "Into the Universal Spirit — but at best one last parting ! and always would want it again — of course." (Tennyson's comment dictated to Knowles.)

XLVIII.

"These lays are phases of feeling rather than accurate investigations of the deep questions mooted in them."

(Robertson.)

Ll. 1-4. The poet modestly owns the inadequateness of his brief lays to settle the questions raised.

L. 5. *Part and prove.* To analyze and reason like a logician. Cf. "The Two Voices," "To put together, part, and prove."

L. 8. *Vassal unto love.* The subjection of doubt to love. Cf. Shakespeare's "Sonnets," XXVI.: —

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit."

L. 10. *A wholesome law.* Of moderation, due restraint.

Ll. 11, 12. Beeching says, "Tennyson had an artist's sense of the shamefulness of overpassing bounds."

XLIX.

"They play upon the surface of grief, but leave its deeps untouched." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Schools*. Of philosophy and theology.

L. 3. *A shiver'd lance*. A broken ray.

L. 4. *Dappled pools*. Whose dark surface is lighted up here and there with bright spots.

L. 8. *Crisp*. Curl. Cf. "Paradise Lost," IV., 237, "the crisped brooks"; also "The Lotos-Eaters," "To watch the crisping ripples."

L. 9. *Thy look*. Of the traveller addressed in XXI., 5.

Ll. 14-16. Cf. IV., 13, 14.

L.

"He shall be a light, a life, a faith, a hope, a presence."
(Robertson.)

L. 1. Cf. the Dedication to "Idylls of the King," "His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee."

L. 4. Cf. "The Two Voices," "'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant."

L. 7. *Scattering dust*. "Possibly, the sands of the hour-glass; in which case the idea is that of reckless wasting of opportunity. Or perhaps the mad scattering of dust is intended to represent the very antithesis to a wise building up of solid structures." (Robinson.)

L. 14. *The term*, etc. The limit of human life.

L. 16. *The twilight*, etc. Cf. "Crossing the Bar":

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!"

LI.

"A doubt is suggested by the preceding invocation; and answered: Spirits would not be misled by superficial defect or occasional lapse, but having learnt wisdom by death would make allowance." (Beeching.)

L. 10. *Want of faith.* In his friend's judgment. "But this doubt vanishes when he thinks of the majesty of death." (Davidson.)

Ll. 14, 15. "In the higher life, in which spirits will think under the form of eternity (*sub specie æternitatis*)," they will have learned a divine patience.

LII.

"Love makes allowance, even for defect of love, from which all other defect arises." (Beeching.)

L. 2. *For love reflects*, etc. Becomes like the beloved object in character.

L. 8. Tennyson's failure to love as he ought works his friend no injustice.

L. 11. *The sinless years.* The life of Christ.

Ll. 13, 14. "There is a needs-be even in fault. It may be mourned too much." (Robertson.)

L. 16. *Sunder'd shell from pearl.* Discriminated between the worthless and the valuable in him. The tense is future perfect, "shall have," as "is gather'd," is "a prophetic present."

LIII.

"Sin may be unavoidable, but must not be acquiesced in. We may see in the retrospect that good has come out of evil, but we must not call the evil good." (Beeching.)

L. 5. The first edition read, "And dare we to this doctrine." "Give" means give in, yield.

L. 7. In the first edition this line was, "The soil, left barren, had not grown." Both changes appeared in the seventh edition, 1856.

L. 9. As late as 1878 the reading was, "Oh, if"; in 1883 it was, "Or, if."

L. 14. *Divine Philosophy*. Cf. Milton's "Comus," 476, "divine philosophy" (referring to Plato's teaching).

Tennyson's comment on st. 2 is suggestive: "There's a passionate heat of nature in a rake sometimes—the nature that yields emotionally may come straighter than a prig's."

On st. 3 he said: "Yet don't you be making excuses for this kind of thing—it's unsafe. You must set a rule before youth."

St. 4: "There's need of rule to men also—though no particular one that I know of—it may be arbitrary."

LIV.

"Out of the human heart a vague cry anticipates the final eduction of good from evil." (Robertson.)

In this section Tennyson showed a leaning toward Universalism, as other poets had before him, from Milton down to our times. He entertained, or at least "admitted," the hope of universal salvation. "The emphatic words," as Beeching calls them, are "aimless," "rubbish," "in vain," "fruitless," "but."

L. 3. *Pangs of nature*. Cf. l. 5. The "sins of will" are suggested in Ll., 3, 4.

Ll. 5-12. These lines imply that possibly the future may have something good in store for animals in another life. Cf. Wordsworth's "Old Cumberland Beggar":—

" 'Tis Nature's law

That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dumbest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked."

L. 13. *We know not anything.* That is, in the sense of being able to prove. Cf. "The Ancient Sage":—

"Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven."

L. 15. *At last—far off.* Cf. epilogue, final stanza, "one far-off divine event."

L. 18. *Infant* (Lat. *infans*), one unable to speak. Cf. CXXIII., 19.

LV.

"But Nature and Experience seeming to negative the hope of individual immortality, there is nothing left to rest it on but Faith." (Robertson.)

Ll. 1-4. *The wish*, etc. Cf. "The Two Voices":—

"Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts against the sense?"

"Derives" = springs. "The likest God" = love ; God-given instinct or nature. Cf. LXXXVII., 36—

"The God within him light his face;"

also "Enoch Arden"—

"Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God."

L. 5. *Are God and Nature then at strife.* "If there is anything Divine within us, it would seem to be this longing that ultimate good might come to all. And that is why it is so staggering to find Nature acting with a reckless disregard of individual well-being." (Robinson.) While the law of Nature is sometimes cruel, it is in the main beneficent. According to A. R. Wallace, Tennyson has exaggerated the ruthlessness of Nature. For a discussion of the conflict between the ethical and cosmic processes, see Huxley's Romanes Lecture, "Evolution and Ethics" (1893).

Ll. 7, 8. In these lines Tennyson hints at one phase of Darwin's doctrine of natural selection, that is, of the survival of the fittest.

L. 13. *I falter*, etc. Overcome and troubled by the problem of evil, especially the wastefulness of Nature and its bearing on the hope of immortality.

Ll. 14, 15. According to Bradley, the metaphor in these lines may have been suggested by Sophocles' "Antigone," 853:—

προβᾶς' ἐπ' ἔσχατον θράσους
ὑψηλὸν ἐς Δίκας βάθρον
προσέπεισες, ὦ τέκνον, πάλιν.

(Advancing again to the farthest verge of boldness, thou hast fallen, O child, upon the lofty throne of Right.)

L. 17. *Lame hands of faith.* Cf. L. 9, "When my faith is dry."

L. 18. *Dust and chaff*. Unsatisfactory explanations, "empty dogmas." Cf. "The Two Voices" —

"The dust of systems and of creeds."

L. 20. *The larger hope*. That time and the love of God will make all things right — what Farrar calls "eternal hope." There seems to be a parallel between Tennyson's position and Whittier's. Cf. Frederick Tennyson's lines on the final redemption of the fallen :

"God at the last shall bring forth every life,
As on the earth, so in the lowest Hell,
Thro' swathing folds of sorrow, sin, and pain,
That shall fall off — as doth the mortal dust
Of man on earth leaving his spirit free —
Pure as at first, and Good shall conquer Ill;
And Evil into eternal ruin cast,
Like thunders before sunlight, pass away
Before His face forever and forever!"

See closing lines of "The Vision of Sin" —

"Is there any hope?" etc.

LVI.

"Still worse is behind. Not only is Nature prodigal of the single life in the interest of the species, geology reveals that thousands of species are extinct. What if man also become extinct? If so, the discord between his 'splendid purpose' and such an outcome of it, his faith in God's love and such evidence to the contrary, would be horrible." (Robinson.)

L. 9. *Man, her last work*. Cf. "The Two Voices":

"I said, 'When first the world began,
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,
And in the sixth she moulded man.'"

For the thought in stanzas 3-5, cf. CXVIII.

L. 11. *Who roll'd the psalm*, etc. Organ music. Cf. LXXXVII., st. 2; also "The Princess," II., 450-453. The thought in ll. 11 and 12 is explained by Tainsh, in his "Study of Tennyson," 1893, p. 196: "Who rolled the psalm to the skies, though they seemed never so wintry; who built him fanes of prayer, though the prayer seemed never so fruitless."

Ll. 15, 16. "Thus the poet's picture of

'Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine,'

is a picture the evil of which is read into it by our imaginations, the reality being made up of full and happy lives, usually terminated by the quickest and least painful of deaths. . . . It is difficult even to imagine a system by which a greater balance of happiness could have been secured." (A. R. Wallace, "Darwinism," 1889, p. 40.)

Cf. "Maud," Part I., 4—

"For nature is one with rapine," etc.

L. 19. *Be blown*, etc. Cf. "Measure for Measure," Act III., 1:—

"To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world."

L. 20. *Seal'd*. Among the fossils of other extinct species.

L. 21. *No more?* No more than breath, that is, extinction at death.

L. 22. *A discord*. Then something is wrong, because of man's vain aspirations and the strivings of his lower and higher nature, "an incongruous combination." Cf. "Wages."

L. 26. *Thy voice*. Hallam's.

Ll. 27, 28. *Answer*, etc. Cf. "The Miller's Daughter":—

"There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by."

Veil. Death, the curtain that hides the hereafter, the Shadow

"Who keeps the keys of all the creeds."

Commenting on sections LIV.—LVI., Samuel Laing (in "Modern Science and Modern Thought," Part II.) says:—

"These noble and solemn lines of a great poet sum up in a few words what may be called 'the Gospel of Modern Thought.' They describe what is the real attitude of most of the thinking and earnest minds of the present generation. On the one hand, the discoveries of science have so far established the universality of law, as to make it impossible for sincere men to retain the faith of their ancestors in dogmas and miracles. On the other, larger views of man and of history have shown that religious sentiment is an essential element of human nature, and that many of our best feelings, such as love, hope, conscience, and reverence, will always seek to find reflections of themselves in the unseen world. Hence faith has diminished and charity increased. Fewer believe old creeds, and those who do, believe more faintly; while fewer denounce them, and are insensible to the good they have done in the past and the truth and beauty of the essential ideas that underlie them. . . .

"It is no longer, with those who think at all, a question of absolute faith against absolute disbelief, but of the more or less shade of 'faintness' with which they cling to the 'larger hope.'

"Not only has faith been shaken in the supernatural

as a direct and immediate agent in the phenomena of the worlds of matter and of life, but the demonstration of the 'struggle for life' and 'survival of the fittest' has raised anew, and with vastly augmented force, those questions as to the moral constitution of the universe and the origin of evil, which have so long exercised the highest minds. Is it true that 'love' is 'Creation's final law,' when we find this enormous and apparently prodigal waste of life going on; these cruel internecine battles between individuals and species in the struggle for existence; this cynical indifference of Nature to suffering? There are approximately 3600 millions of deaths of human beings in every century, of whom at least 20 per cent., or 720 millions, die before they have attained to clear self-consciousness and conscience. What becomes of them? Why were they born? Are they Nature's failures, and 'cast as rubbish to the void'?

"To such questions there is no answer. . . . The world is as surely passing from the phase of orthodox into that of scientific belief as youth is passing into manhood, and the planet which we inhabit from the fluid and fiery state into that of temperate heat, progressive cooling, and final extinction as the abode of life. In the meantime, what can we do but possess our souls in patience, follow truth wherever it leads us, as Tennyson advises, that in the long run everything will be for the best, and 'every winter turn to spring'?"

LVII.

"And here it were best to end my singing. It can serve no good purpose for him, or for me, or for any one else. There is no fear that I should ever forget him. Go where

I may, that passing bell will never cease to sound in my ears." (Robinson.)

L. 5. *Your cheeks.* Perhaps of his sister Emilia, Hallam's betrothed.

L. 6. *Half my life.* Cf. Horace's reference to Virgil, "half my soul."

L. 7. *Richly shrined.* In these poems. Robinson thinks that the allusion is to the "Remains," the volume edited by the elder Hallam.

L. 8. *My work will fail.* See Tennyson's estimate of his own poetry in LXXIV.-LXXVI. Gatty quotes his words: "Methinks, I have built a rich shrine for my friend, but it will not last."

L. 9. *These ears.* Human ears.

L. 10. *Set slow bell.* Tolling at regular intervals. Cf. Shakespeare's "Sonnets," LXXI.: —

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell."

L. 14. *Eternal greetings.* Unceasing greetings, *Ave* (hail) and *Vale* (farewell).

Ll. 15, 16. The allusion is to the adieu used at Roman funerals, *Ave atque Vale*, see Virgil, "Æneid," XI., 97; and Catullus, "Carmen," CI. Cf. Tennyson's "Frater Ave atque Vale."

The section that was originally LVII., entitled "The Grave," appears in the "Memoir," I., p. 306.

LVIII.

"So far the poem is elegy, and here it might end. But the poet reflects that elegy is idle and fruitless of comfort, as it serves but to remind its hearers of their mortality.

The rest of the poem shall be in a higher strain. A nobler farewell is anticipated." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *Those sad words.* The farewells spoken in LVII., st. 4.

L. 2. *Echoes in sepulchral halls.* "So far the poem has done nothing but repeat and dwell upon the fact that Hallam had died." (Beeching.)

L. 3. *Drop by drop.* Referring to the disconnectedness of his mournful plaints, the *aves* and adieus spoken at the grave. Cf. "The Lover's Tale":—

"While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
Fell."

Ll. 6, 7. The mourners addressed in LVII., l. 5.

L. 9. *The high Muse.* Urania, who reproves the poet for indulging in profitless grief.

L. 11. *Here.* By the grave.

L. 12. *A nobler leave.* "Be able to speak with more confidence of their meeting again." (Gatty.) He is to "trust that good shall fall" and realize the gain in loss. So far his "swallow-flights of song" have chiefly dwelt on his gloomy and hopeless condition. Now he is to sing of the "far-off interest of tears" and minister consolation to other bereaved souls. He falls back on man's intuitions of the eternal verities and fixes a settled belief in justice and recompense hereafter. The grounds of belief are the immortality of love and the superiority of wisdom to knowledge, meaning scientific research "cut loose from faith." The poet, keenly mindful of all that Hallam's friendship was to him, instinctively feels that such love is "too precious to be lost"; he holds that faith or religious consciousness perceives "the truths that never can be proved"

in the present life. In all this his instinct and reason are reënforced by revelation.

LIX.

"He contemplates a change in his sorrow; she will be his settled companion, her harsher moods will vanish, and the world will hardly recognize her." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *Wilt thou*. Here and in l. 5 supply "if."

L. 6. *Lovely*. "There is often great charm in the cheerfulness of those who we know have suffered." (Gatty.)

L. 13. *Set thee forth*. Deck thyself, that is, appear with more brightness.

This section was inserted in the fourth edition of "In Memoriam," 1851; evidently for the purpose of making the transition less abrupt between LVIII. and LX. It is a counterpart to III.

LX.

"The next six poems are occupied with the thought, Does my old friend remember me? Hopes alternate with fears. To express their difference in spiritual station, the poet takes various similes from love affairs between people in different social grades, not very convincingly. First he compares his love to that of a village maiden for one above her in rank. The love is here all on one side and hopeless." (Beeching.)

Robertson's notes on this group of sections (LX.-LXV.) are suggestive. "Lowly love: its misgivings" (LX.). "Yet it can plead, even to one sublimely above it, that it is love" (LXI.). "Though an unworthy love, once past, perishes" (LXII.). "Yet the higher Being may in some sort feel for the affection borne to it by the inferior"

(LXIII.). "Does the spirit retain tender recollections of its former home and former friend?" (LXIV.). "Perchance, then, that friend's former influence may still incite to noble ends" (LXV.).

L. 1. *Nobler*. Very noble; an old form of the comparative, not commonly used. Cf. IX., l. 9, "ruder."

LXI.

"Here he protests that though there must be disparity in station, yet in love he is equal to his dead friend, nay, to the highest of his peers." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *State sublime*. Cf. Gray's "Ode for Music":—

"From yonder realms of empyrean day

* * * * *

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,

The Few, whom Genius gave to shine

Thro' every unknown age, and undiscover'd clime.

Rapt in celestial transport they:

Yet hither oft a glance from high

They send of tender sympathy

To bless the place, whereon their opening soul

First the genuine ardor stole.

'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,

And, as the choral warblings round him swell,

Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,

And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme."

The similarity between these lines and stanzas 1 and 2 is striking.

L. 2. *Ransom'd*. Released from the bonds of the flesh. Cf. XXXVIII., 10, "spirits render'd free."

Ll. 5-8. In comparison with the "perfect flower" of stanza 1, the poet fancies himself appearing to Hallam's spirit as a humble flower growing on earth, faintly figured and colorless for lack of sunshine.

L. 9. *Doubtful shore*. Obscure and insignificant when seen from the heavenly height. Collins has a suggestive comment on the epithet "doubtful": "Unfold it, and we find it involving three distinct meanings. First, physically picturesque, it presents the earth as seen by glimpses through intervening clouds from an immense height, recalling Shakespeare's 'varying shore o' the world'; secondly, in a metaphysical sense, the earth fills us with doubt and perplexity; and thirdly, the earth which is itself a riddle and enigma." ("Illustrations of Tennyson," p. 15.)

L. 12. On this line the poet's comment to Knowles was: "Perhaps he might — if he were a greater soul."

"'In Memoriam' has often been compared with Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' and with 'Lycidas'; but the lines [st. 3] . . . seemed to me to point out a closer relation with Shakespeare than has yet been noticed. The transcendent love for a beautiful soul, 'passing the love of women,' of which the soul of Shakespeare was capable, is pointed out, and the poet says that even this love cannot surpass his for his friend. The allusion indicates a deep and probably recent study of the 'Sonnets' of Shakespeare." (R. H. Shepherd, "Tennysoniana," 1866, p. 58.)

LXII.

"And yet, if the remembrance of an inferior, even of his love, could mar heavenly bliss, forget it and him."

(Beeching.)

L. 2. *Blench or fail*. Feel ashamed and lose power to advance.

L. 3. *Then*. Reading in first edition was "So."

L. 5. *Declined*. Looked down. Cf. "Locksley Hall": —

"Having known me, to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine."

LXIII.

"Yet since it does not lower me to think kindly of the creatures beneath me ; so perhaps he in all his greatness may look upon me now." (Robinson.)

Ll. 1, 2. A possible reference to Tennyson's sensitiveness and tenderness.

L. 4. *Assumptions*. Flights of aspiration.

Ll. 10-12. The great range of the eternal life, the spirit not being so confined as on earth.

LXIV.

"Or, if even sympathy is too much to ask, the poet may come into his friend's mind as a part of the old familiar landscape of earth, which he takes a pensive pleasure in recalling." (Beeching.)

It is said that this section was composed while Tennyson was "walking down the strand."

L. 2. "Perhaps a reference to the story of Baron Ward." (Beeching.)

L. 10. *Golden keys*. Of public office. The words are used in another sense in "Locksley Hall" —

"Every door is barr'd with gold and opens but to golden keys."

LXV.

"Is it not possible moreover that the influence of our friendship, which abides with so much force in me, may in some measure remain as a power in him ? That were indeed a happy thought ! " (Robinson.)

L. 1. *Do with me*, etc. Remember or forget.

L. 4. *A little grain*. His love for Hallam.

L. 5. *Painful phases.* Moods of doubt.

L. 6. *There flutters up.* "As a butterfly freed from the chrysalis." (Robinson.)

LXVI.

"In the midst of utter desolation there comes a kindly cheerfulness like that of the blind." (Robertson.)

Psychologically speaking, this section is the centre of "In Memoriam." It marks a distinct stage in his progress toward recovery. A healthy frame of mind is returning. Cf. IV. and XVI.

Ll. 5, 6. Cf. Rossetti's "House of Life," LIII. (Without Her):—

"What of the heart without her? Nay, poor heart,
Of thee what word remains ere speech be still?
A wayfarer by barren ways and chill,
Steep ways and weary, without her thou art,
Where the long cloud, the long wood's counterpart,
Sheds doubled darkness up the laboring hill."

LXVII.

"On retiring to rest, fancy pictures the appearance of the tablet in different hours and lights." (Robertson.)

This section has been compared with the lines, "On the Moonlight shining upon a Friend's grave," in "Poems by Two Brothers."

L. 2. *Place of rest.* St. Andrew's Church in Clevedon.

L. 3. *Broad water.* The Severn is nine miles wide here, where it flows into the Bristol Channel.

Ll. 4-8. *A glory on the walls,* etc. The moonlight flooding the walls of the church and illuminating the inscription on Hallam's marble tablet. The phrase, "bright in dark," occurs in Shakespeare's "Sonnets," XLIII.

L. 11. *Eaves*. Eyelids. Cf. "Tiresias," "the roofs of sight."

L. 15. *Dark church*. In first edition "Chancel," the word incorrectly used by the elder Hallam in the "Remains."

L. 16. *Thy tablet*. According to Napier, "The tablet is placed in the centre of the western wall of the aisle almost opposite the organ, underneath which is the vault where the body of Hallam lies; and the touching record of his short life, which the poet here represents as struggling into light under the moon's flickering rays, is penned as follows."

To the Memory of

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, B. A.,

Eldest son of HENRY HALLAM, Esq., and of JULIA MARIA his wife,
Daughter of Sir A. ELTON, Bart., of Clevedon Court,

Who was snatched away by sudden death at Vienna, on SEPT. 15, 1833,
In the 23rd year of his age.

And now in this obscure and solitary Church repose the mortal
remains of one too early lost for public fame, but already
conspicuous among his contemporaries for the
brightness of his genius, the depth of his
understanding, the nobleness of his
disposition, the fervor of
his piety, and the
purity of his
life.

VALE DULCISIME

VALE DILECTISSIME DESIDERATISSIME

REQUIESCAS IN PACE

PATER AC MATER HIC POSTHAC REQUIESCAMUS TECUM

USQUE AD TUBAM.

LXVIII.

"In dreams, by an illusion, the sadness of the mourner is transferred to the lost, and he is conceived of as sad too."

(Robertson.)

L. 2. *Sleep, Death's twin-brother.* Cf. Shelley's "Queen Mab," I. :—

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep."

The expression occurs in the "Iliad," XIV., 231, and the "Æneid," VI., 278.

L. 5. *Forlorn.* Cf. XIV.; also "Mariana," 30—

"In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn."

Ll. 5-8. Cf. XXII., stanzas 1 and 2.

L. 15. *Trouble of my youth.* These words imply that this section was written many years after 1833. Cf. IV.

L. 16. *Transfers.* Cf. "The Lover's Tale," II. :—

"The sorrow of my spirit
Was of so wide a compass it took in
All I had loved, and my dull agony,
Ideally to her transferr'd, became
Anguish intolerable."

LXIX.

"A dream containing an allegory of the idea with which the poem opened, that Gain may spring out of Loss, if 'Love clasps Grief.'" (Beeching.)

L. 1. Cf. "Pilgrim's Progress," II. : "Mercy *loquitur*. I was a dreaming," etc.

L. 4. "The chatterers are people whose lives have not been deepened by sorrow." (Beeching.)

L. 7. "I made my poet's crown out of thorns; wrote verses about sorrow and death." (Beeching.)

L. 8. *A civic crown.* A wreath of honor.

L. 9-12. "I tried to make my grief into a crown of these poems; but it is not to be taken too closely. To write verses about sorrow, grief, and death is to wear a crown of thorns, which ought to be put by, as people say." (Tennyson's comment to Knowles.)

Ll. 14-16. "The divine Thing in the gloom." (Tennyson, quoted by Knowles.)

L. 18. *Touch it into leaf.* To make his elegiac strains productive of good, bringing light out of darkness, and joy out of sorrow, to other mourners besides himself.

L. 20. *The words.* The message of comfort. Cf. "The Two Voices," 427-435 —

"A second voice was at mine ear," etc.

LXX.

"Darkness. Attempt to recall the well-known features. Fancy fantastically blends the image of the lost with the objects of a confused phantasmagoria." (Robertson.)

L. 4. *Hollow masks.* Images of strange faces, not real.

Ll. 5-12. Cf. the imagery in these stanzas with that in Poe's "Dream-Land" —

"Bottomless vales and boundless floods," etc.

L. 13. *Beyond the will.* "His efforts to picture his friend's face are unsuccessful; suddenly when he tries no longer the face appears." (Beeching.)

L. 14. *I hear a wizard music roll.* An instance of unconscious mentality.

LXXI.

"At last one epoch of past history presents itself with singular vividness." (Robertson.)

L. 4. Tennyson and Hallam visited the Pyrenees in 1830. Cf. "In the Valley of Canteretz."

L. 5. *Credit*. Influence.

L. 6. In the first edition, "So bring an opiate treble-strong."

L. 7. *Sense of wrong*. Cf. LXXII., stanzas 5-7, and LXXXII., 14. "Blindfold" = stupetied, unrealized.

L. 8. In the first edition, "That thus my pleasure might be whole."

Ll. 10, 11. These lines contain a reference to the transition period in English history, beginning about 1830. While "In Memoriam" is a representative poem in only a limited sense, it gives side glances at the age, and mirrors some of its aspects — its unrest and change, its doubt and earnestness.

LXXII.

"An anniversary of Hallam's death; a wild day in autumn. The poet relapses into a mood of wild grief, entirely desperate." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *Dawn*. Of September 15, the day of Hallam's death.

L. 3. *Blow the poplar white*. By exposing the under side of the leaves.

L. 10. *Quick*. Fast-falling. Cf. "Demeter and Persephone" —

"My quick tears kill'd the flower."

L. 11. *Pull sideways*. Shrink.

L. 13. *Flame*. Sun.

L. 16. In the first edition the reading was "From hill to hill."

L. 20. *Nature's best*. Hallam.

L. 28. Cf. Shakespeare, "Sonnets," XXXIII —

"Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace."

LXXIII.

"Regret for the cutting short of the promise of fame, stilled, however, by the thought that all fame fades, and that it is enough to know that there was that which would have achieved fame." (Robertson.)

L. 8. *Errs from law*. Is not subject to law.

L. 13. The unsubstantial character of earthly reputation. Cf. "The Ancient Sage," "a dying echo."

LXXIV.

"Now that he is dead, his kindred with the wisest and best becomes recognized as a family likeness."

(Robertson.)

Ll. 1-4. A statement of what occasionally occurs, an instance of atavism.

L. 7. *The wise below*. Beeching interprets this as the dead. Robinson explains it as those "now living on the earth."

Ll. 11, 12. "The land of death, which is dark to us, must be beautiful if only from containing him." (Tainsh.)

Cf. "Romeo and Juliet," V., 3:

"For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light."

LXXV.

"Somewhere, surely, in the universe, he is now achieving fame." (Robertson.)

L. 2. Cf. V., 5-8, and XXXVIII., 7, 8.

Ll. 5, 6. These lines happily describe Tennyson's pre-

eminent gift as a phrase-maker, a coiner of felicitous turns of expressions and quotable sayings.

L. 9. *Fading days*. Cf. LXXIII., 13, 14.

L. 11. *Breeze of song*. According to Collins, this is Pindar's phrase ("Pythian," IV., 5), *ὄρος ὕμνων*.

L. 12. *Dust of praise*. Cf. "The Vision of Sin":

"All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again."

Bradley quotes Young, "Night-thoughts," II.:—

"Since by life's passing breath, blown up from Earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again."

LXXVI.

"Modern poetry, whether imaginative or prophetic, is doomed to quickly perish; as being born too late." (Beeching.) This section and LXXV. have been compared with Shakespeare's "Sonnets," XVII. Cf. LXXVI., LXXVII., with "Vastness," "Parnassus," and the Epilogue to "Charge of the Heavy Brigade." Collins says Dante's "Purgatorio," XI., 91-117, inspired LXXVI. and st. 3 in LXXIII.

L. 4. Cf. "Cymbeline," Act I., 4:—

"Till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle."

L. 6. *Secular abyss*. Of ages. Cf. XLI., 23, "secular to-be."

L. 9. *Matin songs*. Of "the great early Poets," such as Homer and David.

L. 13. *These*. The yew and the oak.

LXXVII.

"These lays will be forgotten: but they are breathed not for fame: only for relief." (Robertson.)

L. 4. *Foreshorten'd.* "We see things near us out of their proper proportion." (Beeching.) Cf. "Queen Mary," Act III., 5:—

"How many names in the long sweep of time
That so foreshortens greatness."

L. II. *Changed to something else.* That is, to the bliss of reunion.

The second cycle of the poem ends here. At first the poet was stunned by Hallam's death, and his sensitive soul was clouded with inexpressible grief and disappointment—so many fond hopes were rudely dashed to the ground. The light of life seemed to have gone out almost completely. Although the foundations of his religion appeared to be giving way beneath him, it is perhaps too much to affirm that his "moral world" was "shattered," as Thomas Davidson puts it. For a while he doubted the value of life for him any longer, and in "The Two Voices" (written in the autumn of 1833) he discussed the question, Is life worth living? He finally answered it affirmatively, silencing the "still, small voice," which De Quincey aptly names *Mater Tenebrarum*. A year passed, bringing changes. Slowly the violence of his grief was moderated, and he became reconciled to his bereavement. As Robinson says: "The sufferer has learned to look forward. Hope in his case was not indeed to be reached by any royal road. The way to it lay across a region of intellectual doubt and perplexity, and at times seemed well-nigh lost in despair. But in the darkest

moments the light in his heart did not fail. Gradually, moreover, the merely personal and selfish elements are purged out of his expectations, until at length he is able to find real satisfaction in what he foresees will be the future greatness of his friend, and that quite apart from any consideration of what may happen to himself and his own reputation."

LXXVIII.

"Another Christmas. Tears are dried. There is even mirth; but beneath, the quiet sense of something lost still remains." (Robertson.) 'This Christmas is probably that of 1834.

L. 5. *Yule-clog*. A dialect expression, common in Lincolnshire and North Britain, for the log burnt on Christmas Eve.

Ll. 10-12. The games mentioned are *tableaux vivants* and blind-man's buff.

L. 14. *Mark*. In first edition "type."

L. 17. Cf. "Early Sonnets," IX. —

"No tears of love, but tears that Love can die ;"
also the Epilogue (p. 130), "a dead regret."

L. 18. *Mystic frame*. Cf. XXXVI., 2.

LXXIX.

"Friendship, why more than brotherhood. A brother is oneself over again. A friend is the supplement of deficiencies." (Robertson.)

L. 1. This line is repeated from IX., 20. Cf. "Prefatory Poem to my Brother Sonnets" (1879).

L. 2. *Heart*. Charles Tennyson Turner, the poet's older brother.

L. 9. *Streamlet*. The brook described in "Ode to Memory," st. 4.

L. 16. *Kindred brows*. The portraits of Alfred and Charles show a striking resemblance.

L. 18. *He*. Hallam.

LXXX.

"It helps me to think of what would have been his deep but calm sorrow had I, and not he, been taken first."

(Robinson.)

L. 4. *Tearless eyes*. "Eyes that, in that case, would not have wept as they have." (Beeching.)

L. 8. *Stay'd*. Sustained, supported.

L. 12. *Gain*. Cf. I., st. 2.

L. 13. *Credit*. Power to overcome grief; influence, as in LXXI., 5; "credited example," according to Tainsh.

LXXXI.

"Well, death has matured the love which I might mourn as prematurely cut off." (Robertson.)

L. 2. *Range*. Increase no more or develop.

L. 4. Bradley and Robinson suggest that an interrogation point should be placed at the end of this line. The implied answer to the question is "No."

L. 9. *Death*. "It may be remarked that the poet often personifies sorrow, death, etc., as if Hallam himself were addressed." (Gatty.)

L. 11. *Grain*. His love for Hallam.

LXXXII.

"The real bitterness of death is the interruption of communion." (Robertson.)

Ll. 7, 8. The form and face are like threshed straw, only the outer covering ("chrysalis") of the spirit. Cf. "The Deserted House."

L. 14. *The wrath.* Cf. LXXI., 7, "sense of wrong." Anger is expressed in LXXII., but this complaint ceases toward the close of "In Memoriam."

LXXXIII.

"A second Spring Song. In XXXVIII. the gay season was in too sharp contrast with the poet's sorrow; a year has passed, and now he anticipates that the new spirit in the work will put a new spirit also into his sorrow. The poem marks a growth in reconciliation." (Beeching.)

Ll. 1, 6. The springtide in the north brings longer and brighter days later than in the south, April days in England being cloudy. "Upon" = toward. "Proper" = own. Cf. CXVII., 2.

L. 12. Laburnums are more happily described by Cowper, "Task," VI.:—

"Laburnum rich
In streaming gold."

LXXXIV.

"A conception of what he would have been had he lived to be united by ties of blood: a blended life and united death." (Robertson.)

L. 11. *One.* Emilia Tennyson (1811-1887), engaged to Hallam, and later married to Captain Richard Jesse, R.N.

L. 33. *Her earthly robe.* The body. Cf. LXXXII., 8.

Ll. 39-44. Cf. "Crossing the Bar." "Arrive" = reach, arrive at.

L. 47. *Bitterness.* The wrath referred to in LXXXII., 14. Cf. CXXV., 2.

Ll. 45-49. Rev. H. R. Haweis divides "In Memoriam" into four parts or stages : (1) sorrow unopposed (I.-LV.); (2) sorrow opposed (LVI.-LXXXIV.); (3) sorrow conquered (LXXXV.-CVI.); (4) peace (CVII.-CXXXI.). Commenting on this stanza, he says : "Thus the four stages of the second period, in which he struggles and is overcome, are also marked : 1st, more quiet contemplation ; leading to, 2d, more normal acceptance of life, as marked at Christmas-time ; 3d, followed by more resigned views of death ; when, 4th, the low beginnings of content are suddenly dissipated by a vision of memory and anticipation, and the first recovering mood is thus baffled." ("Poets in the Pulpit," p. 105.)

LXXXV.

"A second friendship possible, but not equal to the first." (Robertson.)

Ll. 3, 4. Cf. XXVII., 15, 16.

L. 5. *O true in word*, etc. Addressed to Edmund Law Lushington, who married Cecilia Tennyson (1817-) in 1842. Cf. epilogue, 1, "O true and tried."

L. 15. *Light reproaches.* A milder expression than "wrath" (LXXXII., 14).

Ll. 19, 20. Hallam died in Vienna, September 15, 1833.

L. 21. *Intelligences.* The angels. Cf. Dante's "Convito," II., 5.

L. 28. *Cycled times.* The coming ages of human progress. "Fresh" implies that the spirits in the other world acquire knowledge by no slow, laborious process.

L. 31. *Equal-poised.* "Metaphor from a yoke." (Beeching.)

L. 32. *O heart*, etc. Hallam when living on earth.

Ll. 33, 34. Hallam in the other world.

L. 37. *Yet*. "Referring back to l. 29. The poet recognized that for a living man to be so absorbed in sorrow as to neglect duty could not be right." (Beeching.)

L. 39. *Human will*. Cf. CXXXI., "O living will."

L. 53. *Imaginative woe*. Mournful speculation as to the future life; "spectral doubt" (XLI.) and troubled fancies (LXVIII.).

L. 54. *Spiritual strife*. Discussion of the problem of evil and other mysteries (LIV.-LVI.).

L. 60. *The mighty hopes*. The stirrings of ambition, renewed interest in human activity and the progress of the race. Cf. "Locksley Hall"—

"I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair."

L. 67. *The all-assuming*. All-devouring.

L. 81. *Quiet shore*. Of the other world.

Ll. 85-88. Cf. XXV., st. 3. "Nature" = human nature.

Ll. 91, 92. The final victory of the good. Cf. epilogue, "one far-off divine event"; also LIV., "the final goal." In discussing the problems of sin and suffering Tennyson said (in 1839), "There is no answer to these questions except in a great *hope* of universal good."

L. 98. *That these things pass*. Cf. III., st. 3, "the phantom, Nature," that is, this unsubstantial, transitory frame of things, as compared with the settled order in the eternal world; also "To Virgil," "phantom shore."

L. 101. If, with love as true, though not so recent.

• L. 105. *Hold apart*. "As out of the reach of comparison or rivalry." (Robinson.)

L. 119. *The later year*. Autumn.

LXXXVI.

"Peace coming through natural influences."

(Robertson.)

This section, or most of it, was written at Barmouth, on the southern coast of England, where the poet was staying in 1839. A passage in "The Hour's Tale," III., —

"A morning air, sweet after rain," etc., —

contains a similar description.

Ll. 4, 5. *Breathing bare*, etc. Making the sky free from clouds. "Round of space" = sky-dome or horizon.

L. 7. Darkening the branching (or winding) river.

L. 12. *The fancy*. "Imagination — the fancy — no particular fancy." (Tennyson to Knowles.)

Ll. 14, 15. "The west wind rolling to the Eastern seas till it meets the evening star." (Tennyson to Knowles.)

L. 16. *Peace*. Cf. LXXXVIII., LXXXIX., XCI., CXV., CXVI., CXXI.

LXXXVII.

"Recollections of the college friendship." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Reverend walls*. Trinity College, Cambridge.

L. 5. *Fanes*. Perhaps King's College Chapel.

Ll. 6–8. Cf. "Princess," II.: —

"While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies."

"Prophets" in first edition was changed to "prophet" in 1884.

L. 15. *Walk of limes*. Trinity Avenue. Cf. "To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield," "that walk of limes."

L. 21. *Band*. The "Twelve Apostles." See Introduction; also Napier's "Home and Haunts of Tennyson," p. 125. Tennyson's comment on this stanza was: "The 'Water Club,' because there was no wine. They used to make speeches. I never did."

L. 40. *Bar*. The ridge of bone over the eyes. ("Memoir," I., p. 38.) In pictures of Chantrey's bust of Hallam is a faint trace of a dent (or rising) in the forehead above the nose.

LXXXVIII.

"The contrasts of fierce grief and wild joy in the nightingale's song." (Robertson.)

L. 1. *Bird*. Nightingale. The "fierce extremes" are melancholy and delight.

L. 2. *Quicks*. Quick-set hedges.

L. 6. *Darkening*. In first edition "dusking," changed in seventh edition.

L. 11. Cf. LXXXV., 91, "conclusive bliss."

LXXXIX.

"Recollections of his going down to the country retreat."
(Robertson.)

L. 1. *Counterchange*. Diversify, checker.

L. 2. *Lawn*. At Somersby Rectory, of which Mr. Napier writes: "The classic lawn, the scene of so many gatherings, slopes gently away to a little garden, quaint and old-fashioned, intersected with walks of turf and girt with high evergreen hedges. . . . The trees add greatly to the beauty of the place, many of the poet's favorites, such as the elms and beeches, still spreading their canopy of leaves over the verdure underneath; but, alas! the 'towering

sycamore' and 'the poplars four,' will be no more seen." ("Homes and Haunts of Tennyson," pp. 13, 14.)

L. 12. *Dusty purlieus of the law.* Of the Temple in London, where Hallam studied law in 1832 and 1833. The first edition had "dusky," later changed to "dusty."

L. 24. *Tuscan poets.* Dante and Petrarch. Arthur read and spoke Italian fluently. He had begun to teach the language to his betrothed, Emilia Tennyson. Six of his Italian sonnets are printed in the "Remains."

Ll. 27, 28. The reference is probably to Hallam's betrothed, whom he addresses in one of his poems:

"Sometimes I dream thee leaning o'er
The harp I used to love so well;
Again I tremble and adore
The soul of its delicious swell;
Again then my air is dim
With eddies of harmonious might,
And all my brain and senses swim
In a keen madness of delight."

L. 36. *Socratic dream.* In Plato, a favorite author with Hallam.

L. 48. *Grave.* The ocean when the sun sank at sunset. According to the Nebular hypothesis, Venus, "the crimson-circled star," was formed from a zone originally thrown off from the sun. Cf. "Princess," II:

"This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets."

"Crimson-circled" = surrounded by the sunset glow.

L. 52. The humming of the bees flying back to the hive in the evening, laden with honey.

XC.

"No alteration of circumstances, no new relationship, could make his return to life unwelcome." (Robertson.)

L. 4. *Seed*. The teaching expressed in stanzas 2-5.

Ll. 13-20. Cf. st. VI., in The Choric Song of "The Lotos-Eaters":

"For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy. . . .
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death."

XCI.

"The spirit of the departed is invoked to come crowned with the glory of the seasons: in spring, as he was in the time of earthly promise; in summer, as he is in his matured after form." (Genung.)

L. 4. A quotation from the Fragments of Alcman, 26, applied here to the British kingfisher. Another reading, which he afterward preferred, "Darts the sea-shining bird of March," slightly changes the thought.

XCII.

"The certainty of separation has become fixed." (Robertson.) Contrast this section with XIV.

L. 3. *Canker of the brain*. Hallucination.

Ll. 12, 13. Bradley suggests that the poet might have written "phantom-warnings," otherwise the plural "they" is hard to explain.

L. 14. *Spiritual*. Of his own spirit.

Ll. 15, 16. Cf. Schiller, "Death of Wallenstein," Act V., 1:—

"As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."
(Tr. by Coleridge.)

XCIII.

"No, he will never come to me thus. But might I not hope that spirit could draw nigh and hold intercourse, not with sense, but with spirit?" (Robinson.)

L. 4. *Claspt in clay*. Enclosed in a body on earth.

L. 5. *Visual shade*. Apparition.

Ll. 6-8. Cf. Aylmer's Field:

"Star to star vibrates light · may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?
So,—from afar,—touch as at once?"

L. 9. *Sightless*. Beyond sight, invisible.

Ll. 10-12. There is likely a reminiscence here of Dante's "Paradiso," XXVIII.

Ll. 13-16. Cf. "Maud," Part II., 4:

"Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be."

The thought in 15 is the inability of flesh to discern spiritual realities.

XCIV.

"Serenity of soul needful for communion with the dead." (Robertson.) According to Collins, this section

gives in essence Jeremy Taylor's sermon on the Return of Prayer, "Golden Grove Sermons," IV.

The poet's comment on st. 3 was: "I figure myself in this rather."

XCV.

"The presence of the dead at last realized. On a summer night in the garden he reads over again his friend's letters, and in a trance seems caught with his friend to the heights, and comprehends the secret of the universe."

(Beeching.)

This is Beeching's summary based on the text of the fourth edition, 1851, in which line 36 reads "His living soul was flashed on mine." About 1876 the poet changed it to "The living soul was flash'd on mine." Davidson preferred the old reading ("Prolegomena to 'In Memoriam,'" 1889, p. 82).

L. 10. *Lit the filmy shapes.* Night-moths alighted.

L. 22. *Glad year.* The period of their friendship; no particular year.

Ll. 27, 28. Cf. Shakespeare "Sonnets," CXXIII.:

"No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change,
Thy registers and thee I both defy."

Ll. 29-32. Cf. XCVI., in which Hallam's mental make-up is described more fully. Gladstone remarked on his tendency toward metaphysical and theological subjects.

L. 36. "*The living soul*—perchance of the Deity. The first reading was 'His living soul was flash'd on mine'—but my conscience was troubled by 'his.' I've often had a strange feeling of being wound and wrapped in the Great Soul." (Tennyson's comment to Knowles.)

L. 37. In first edition, "And mine in his was wound," changed in 1878 or a year or two before.

L. 39. *That which is.* Reality; "an expression of Greek philosophy for the Supreme Truth of things." (Beeching.)

L. 43. *Trance.* This strange expression is described in "The Mystic" (1830), "Sir Galahad," "The Ancient Sage," and other poems. This condition of ecstasy Tennyson described in a letter written in 1874 ("Memoir," I., p. 320; also Davidson, "Prolegomena," p. 83). He said to Knowles: "Sometimes as I sit here alone in this great room I get carried away out of sense and body, and rapt into mere existence, till the accidental touch or movement of one of my own fingers is like a great shock and blow and brings the body back with a terrible start." Such are the "weird seizures" in "The Princess."

Ll. 45-48. Cf. Dante's "Paradiso," I. (quoted by Davidson), and XXXIII., l. 55 (quoted by Collins): "From henceforth my seeing was greater than our speech, which at such a vision gives way, and the memory gives way at so great excess."

Ll. 53-56. "Meteorologists explain to us how the morning breezes arise by the cold air contracting, and the warmer being sucked or drawn in to fill up the vacuum. The operation is familiar to Tennyson, and he has given to its mechanism a poetic rendering, in a masterly sketch of the dawn." (Devey.)

Ll. 57-64. Cf. Lanier's "Hymn of the Sunrise."

XCVI.

"A poem on Faith and Doubt, suggested by the eighth quatrain of the last poem. The process of facing and laying doubts is compared to tuning a musical instrument."
(Beeching.)

Ll. 1-4. The description fits one of the poet's sisters or his wife (who had blue eyes).

Ll. 5-17. These lines undoubtedly refer to Arthur Hallam, who says, in one of his sonnets:

"Barren doubt, like a late-coming snow,
Made an unkind December of my spring . . .
. . . my mind hath passed from wintry gloom."

See Genung's "Study," pp. 166-168.

XCVII.

"Toward his friend, who now lives 'in vastness and in mystery,' he feels like a wife who has remained in the simple household ways of her maidenhood, while her husband has risen to heights of thought or science which she cannot comprehend." (Davidson.)

L. 1. "And found them responsive. They speak of Hallam." (Davidson.)

Ll. 2-3. The reference is to the spectre of the Brocken.

L. 21. *Thrids*. Threads.

XCVIII.

"Vienna, where he died: a glorious city—to his conception, dismal." (Robertson.)

Ll. 1-6. The reference is to the wedding tour of Charles Tennyson Turner to Vienna, in the summer of 1836. Cf. LXXI.

L. 7. *Wisp*. Will o' the wisp.

Ll. 9-11. Although a great traveller, Tennyson never would visit Vienna.

L. 17. *Gnaw*. Snarl, a Spenserian word.

L. 21. *Mother town*. Metropolis, capital.

Here ends the seventh division of "In Memoriam," according to Tennyson's grouping of the sections.

XCIX.

"Another anniversary of his death. To many, as to me, one of sorrow. They are my brothers." (Robertson.)

L. 1. Cf. LXXII., l. 1. "Dawn" = September 1. The year is probably 1836.

L. 18. *The slumber of the poles.* "The movement of the axis of the earth being like that of a top 'asleep.'" (Robinson.)

C.

"The poet's family has to bid farewell to its old home in Lincolnshire, and the scenes amid which he has so often wandered with his friend. The presence of the dear one is everywhere." (Davidson.)

L. 1. In the first edition "I wake, I rise," changed in the seventh edition, 1856.

CI.

"Thoughts on quitting the home of childhood. Round all these spots and objects new associations will gather for strangers." (Robertson.)

L. 11. *The lesser wain.* *Ursa Minor* or the Little Dipper.

L. 14. *Hern and crake.* Heron and corn-crake.

L. 22. *Glebe.* The glebe-field or cultivated land near the Rectory.

CII.

"Every spot has a twofold association: one of happy childhood, the other of bereaved friendship." (Robertson.)

L. 1. Mrs. Tennyson and her family continued to live in the Somersby Rectory after the death of Dr. Tennyson

(March 16, 1831). In May, 1837, she removed to High Beech, Epping Forest.

Ll. 7, 8. According to Gatty, the "two spirits" do not "represent persons, but the place with different associations," and he quotes Tennyson's words: "The first is the love of the native place; the second, the same love enhanced by the memory of the friend." In the "Memoir," I., p. 72, the "diverse love" is explained as his affection for his father and his friend. Cf. Shakespeare's "Sonnets," CXLIV., 1, 2.

L. 12. *Matin song*. His boyish verses, published in "Poems by Two Brothers" (1827).

CIII.

"The night before the departure a vision presents the thought, that, his memory going with us, the spirit of all that is wise and good and graceful sails with us in the life-voyage." (Robertson.)

L. 3. *The dead*. Hallam.

L. 6. *Maidens*. The muses, or rather the poet's aspirations and intellectual activities. "All the human powers and talents that do not pass with life, but go along with it." (Tennyson.) Cf. lines printed in 1832 —

"Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters," etc.

L. 7. *Hidden summits*. "The high — the divine — the origin of life." (Tennyson.) Cf. "The Ancient Sage," "Force is from the heights"; also "The Two Voices":

"Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn.

"Cry, faint not, climb : the summits slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope."

L. 8. *River*. Life. Cf. Aurelius, "Thoughts," IV., 43: "Time is a river, the mighty current of created things."

L. 16. *Sea*. Eternity. Cf. "Crossing the Bar" and "The Passing of Arthur," "that long water opening on the deep."

Ll. 25, 26. "The great progress of the age, as well as the opening of another world." (Tennyson.)

Ll. 27-30. These lines describe the poet's intellectual development. Cf. epilogue, 19, 20.

Ll. 33-36. "All the great hopes of science and men." (Tennyson.) Cf. "To Victor Hugo":

"All man to be
Will make one people ere man's race be run."

L. 50. *Wrong*. "He was wrong to drop his earthly hopes and powers—they will be still of use to him." (Tennyson.) Cf. "Parnassus," III.; also the closing lines of "Ulysses," written soon after Hallam's death, of which he said: "There is more about myself in 'Ulysses,' which was written under the sense of loss and all that had gone by, but that still life must be fought out to the end."

Here ends the eighth division of Tennyson's grouping of the sections of "In Memoriam." Says Robinson: "We have now reached the conclusion of the third cycle of the poem. It opened 'calmly.' It was marked by the beginning of gentler thoughts of Death; and by a growing sense of the reality and nearness of the spiritual world. Recollections of past happiness could be recalled without the former pain, while new and strange consolations offered themselves in the present. Misgivings and regrets

there were from time to time ; but these, though always treated with the utmost consideration, were unable to hold their own, and at last disappeared altogether from a horizon which had been widened to include the vision of a more than earthly Peace."

CIV.

"The sound of the unfamiliar church bells (of the new parish) heard by night." (Robertson.)

L. 1. Christmas, 1837, spent in their new home, Beech Hill House, about ten miles northeast of London.

L. 3. *Church*. Waltham Abbey, about two and a half miles from Beech Hill House.

CV.

"Christmas-eve again. (Cf. XXX., LXXVII.) Tradition is broken, but there is a suggestion at the end of the poem that change may mean progress." (Beeching.)

Ll. 1, 2. In the first edition:

"This holly by the cottage eave,
To-night, ungather'd, shall it stand."

L. 9. *Abuse*. Mar. Cf. XXX., 5, 6.

L. 12. *Dying use*. The fading custom of observing Christmas as of old. Cf. XXIX., 9-16.

L. 25. *Rising worlds*. The morning stars moving in their orbits.

L. 28. *Closing cycle*. The concluding period of the poem.

CVI.

"It is the New Year's Eve, and now the bells are welcome. Let them peal out with all their might, and tell of

the good time coming. Out with the evil old ; and in with the better and happier, because more really Christian, new." (Robinson.)

L. 3. *In the night.* Of December 31, 1837.

L. 28. *Thousand years of peace.* The millennium.

L. 32. *The Christ that is to be.* The better conception of Christ that will prevail when men will have more of the spirit of kindliness and tolerance.

CVII.

"In pursuance of this new year's resolution, the poet keeps his friend's birthday (1st February) as of old."
(Beeching.)

L. 1. The twenty-seventh anniversary of Hallam's birth in Bedford Place, London, February 1, 1811.

L. 9. *Brakes.* Bushes.

L. 10. *To.* Toward.

L. 12. *Iron horns.* The black branches into which the tree divides its trunk, while the "ribs" are likely the smaller limbs.

L. 13. *Drifts.* Of snow, as Gatty and Robinson think ; "clouds," according to Rolfe. Bradley suggests "winds" or "drift-winds."

Ll. 15, 16. An echo, perhaps, of Horace, "Odes," I., 9.

CVIII.

"He has said 'private grief' saps the mind; now he says his 'barren faith' and 'vacant yearning' have yielded little result. They are only his own imaginations; he cannot know what change has really come to his friend. So he determines to find some actual and present fruit of sorrow." (Beeching.) See "Memoir," I., 306.

L. 3. *Eat my heart alone.* As did Byron.

L. 8. *Wells of Death.* The waters of the river of Death.

L. 9. *Highest place.* Heaven (l. 7).

L. 10. *Mine own phantom.* The image of himself.

L. 12. The reflection of his own face.

Ll. 13, 14. "Only among our kind, in human sympathy, and human fellowship, and human striving, can sorrow turn to profit." (Elizabeth R. Chapman, "A Comparison to 'In Memoriam,'" 1888, p. 58.)

L. 16. "Whatever wisdom you took away with you out of my reach." (Robinson.) Cf. CXIII., 1; also I., 8 —

"The far-off interest of tears,"

of which 13-15 are a paraphrase.

CIX.

"He finds such fruit of sorrow in the consideration of his friend's character, which he proceeds to discuss in the following six poems, and exhibit as an ideal. It is here presented as the union of opposites: wealth of material with critical power; logic with enthusiasm; passion with purity; love of freedom with love of order; grace of woman with strength of man." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *Discursive.* Of wide range, varied.

L. 2. *Household.* Original, his own.

Ll. 5-8. Cf. XCVI., 5-17.

L. 12. *April.* Youthful.

Ll. 13-16. Cf. Tennyson's early poem, "You ask me, why," 9-16; also "The Princess," conclusion —

"God bless the narrow sea," etc.

"Celt" = French or Irish.

CX.

"The description is continued, and the point made that Hallam already in his lifetime exercised influence.
(Beeching.)

L. 2. *Rathe*. Early, immature.

L. 8. *Double*. In first edition, "treble."

L. 13. *Nearest*. In first edition, "dearest."

L. 17. *Nor*. In first edition, "Not."

CXI.

"He was, in one word, a gentleman, with all that word implies in manners and morals." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *The churl in spirit*. The man uncultivated, rude. The meaning of the A.S. *ceorl* was simply "man"; later it was applied to the peasant.

L. 3. In first edition, "To who may grasp," etc.

L. 13. In first edition, "So wore his outward best," etc.

Ll. 15, 16. Cf. "Guinevere":

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind";

also "Meister's Apprenticeship," V., 16 (translated by Carlyle): "It is clear, then, that to seem well-bred, a man must actually be so."

L. 18. *Villain*. The opposite of gentle.

L. 20. Cf. LXXXVII., 36.

CXII.

"Having seen such a miracle of perfection, such a novel power, so unlike anything else he has ever known, he finds it hard to rise to any enthusiasm for the 'glorious insuf-

ficiencies ' of other persons. His friend was like a cloud-compelling Jove, ruling the tempests of thought, and by faith making serene the heaven of the soul." (Davidson.)

Ll. 2-4. "I, who make allowance for the weaknesses of men of genius, hold very cheap the perfection of inferior natures." (Beeching.)

L. 8. Commonplace persons who control their lot, without being great. "Those that have free will, but less intellect." (Tennyson.)

Ll. 15, 16. Movements of thought yielding to his influence, as the tides to the moon. Cf. Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner" —

"Still as a slave before his lord," etc.

CXIII.

"How invaluable would have been his friend's wisdom in a revolutionary crisis! (Such, probably, as Europe was passing through in '48.)" (Beeching.)

L. 1. Repeated from CVIII., 15.

L. 9. *In.* According to Rolfe, the editions from 1866 to 1874 had "of."

L. 13. *Licensed.* Legalized. Cf. the political poems written in 1833, "You ask me, why" and "Love thou thy land," which express Tennyson's dislike for revolutionary tendencies. His conservatism was tempered to some extent by liberal feeling.

L. 17. *Thousand.* In the first edition "many."

CXIV.

"Knowledge less high than charity. In him both were blended." (Robertson.)

"At the time when Tennyson wrote, and for many

years after, everything was hoped from the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The world needs constantly to be taught, almost, that the training of the intellect can be no substitute for the formation of character." (Rosenau.)

L. 4. *Pharos*. *Lighthouse*. The reference is to the "pillars of Hercules" (*Columns*), the boundary of ancient mariners.

L. 12. The reference is to the Greek myth of Athena springing full size from the head of Zeus.

L. 16. *The second*. Cf. "Princess":

"Knowledge, so my daughter held,
Was all in all."

L. 17. *A higher hand*. That of Wisdom or Reason. "Knowledge must learn her place. . . . She cannot attain any of those truths that give value and meaning to life; hence, unless life is to lose its aim, she, who is the child of the mind only, must consent to be guided by Wisdom, the child of the whole soul. Higher and truer than any clear conclusion which the understanding can draw from the physical facts of Nature is the dim, half-formulated conclusion which the soul draws in response to its total experience physical and spiritual." (Davidson.) Cf. "Locksley Hall":—

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers;"

also Goethe, "West-Eastern Divan":

"If your every nerve you strain
To store your mind with various lore,
'Tis well. But how to use your lore —
The better wisdom — this to gain,
You must knock at another door.
Nor hast thou far to search and seek;
Let the God within thee speak;
Love all things that lovely be,
And God will show His best to thee."

L. 27. *By year and hour.* In first edition "from hour to hour."

CXV.

"Spring revives, and his regret revives with it." (Beeching.) Cf. XXXVIII. and LXXXIII.

L. 2. *Burgeons every maze of quick.* Buds the tangled hedge. Cf. LXXXVIII., 2.

L. 3. *Squares.* Fields. Cf. "The Gardener's Daughter," 75 —

"All the land in flowery squares."

L. 4. *Ashen roots.* Roots of ash trees.

Ll. 7, 8. Cf. Goethe's "An die Entfernte": —

"Wenn in dem blauen Raum verloren
Hoch über ihn die Lerche singt."

L. 10. *The flocks are whiter,* etc. Cf. "Locksley Hall" —

"In the spring a fuller crimson," etc.

Ll. 14, 17. The migration of birds. Cf. Horace, "Epodes," I., xi., 27, "coelum . . . mutant," etc.

"In this canto there is given to us the last note of time: and most significant it is that we are left with the spring-tide. The original summer of former happiness is now far behind; but the winter of dark and seemingly barren distress is also past. Grief is not dead, but its nature is changed. Already there is in it the promise of an unfading summer that is to come when sorrow shall indeed have been turned into joy." (Robinson.)

CXVI.

"Reviving Nature suggests feelings in which regret for past friendships passed away in anticipations of a stronger bond which is to be." (Robertson.)

L. 4. *Crescent prime.* Growing spring.

Ll. 11, 12. In first edition :

"The dear, dear voice that I have known
Will speak," etc.

CXVII.

"But that future is yet to come ; the interval seems to heighten the desire and delight of the reunion." (Beeching.) Cf. Shakespeare, "Sonnets," LVI.

Ll. 9-12. These lines refer to the various modes of measuring time, by the hour-glass, the sun-dial, the clock, and the stars.

CXVIII.

"A defence of hope both for a future life and for a higher civilization here based on the world's experience in the past. Science shows a growth through ages of the world till it was ready for man's habitation; and a growth through ages of mankind upward from the savage. Why should man's development be arrested at this point? It need not be if he will treat these evolutions as the type of higher moral development." (Beeching.)

L. 2. *The giant*, etc. Chronos of classical legend.

Ll. 3, 4. The poet distinguishes between the spiritual and the material. Flesh decays into dust and the bones become lime, while the spirit goes on.

Ll. 7-11. For another concise statement of the nebular hypothesis, see "Princess," II. —

"This world was once a fluid haze," etc.;

also "Supposed Confessions" (1830) —

"As from the storm," etc.

"Cyclic storms" = storms lasting through cycles.

L. 14. *Higher race.* The "crowning race." Cf. CIII. and the epilogue, 128. Bradley thinks the idea is not of a "non-human higher race," suggested in "Maud," Part I., iv., st. 6:

"A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,
For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning
race,
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:
He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?"

On the other hand, Robinson says: "The earth has been forming through ages; and most gradual has been the development of its highest product, Man. And Man, as we know him, is not the end; but the prophecy of a still higher race." Cf. "The Making of Man" (1892).

L. 15. *Higher place.* In a happier and better world.

L. 16. *If so he type.* If so be that he reproduce or repeat.

L. 18. *Or.* In first edition "And." "To some self-cultivation is possible; others who are at the mercy of circumstances, may yet transfigure their woes into glories, and forge their character out of calamity." (Beeching.)

Ll. 25-28. The thought here may be interpreted as nothing more than the subjection of the lower side of man to the higher, the better self or spiritual nature gaining the supremacy over the animalistic in human beings. "Beast" = the passions, as in "The Princess," V., "the blind wild beast of force." "The conclusion of CXVIII.," says Jacobs, "is definitely anti-Darwinian." Cf. CXX., CXXIV., 23, 24; and contrast "By an Evolutionist."

CXIX.

"The new resolve to be cheerful-minded shows itself in his changed feeling toward the house where his friend lived." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *Doors*. Hallam's house in London. See VII., 3.

L. 4. The odor from a passing hay-cart. Cf. "Becket," Act I., 1.:

"And there stole into the city a breath
Full of the meadows;"

also "Pelleas and Ettarre" :

"The sweet smell of the fields
Past, and the sunshine came along with him."

CXX.

"The good which has come from these utterances proves the ethereal return of our humanity, which is influenced by causes more subtle and refined than the phrenologist and materialist dream of." (Robertson.) In writing this section the poet probably had in mind the teachings of Comte and other Positivists. Cf. LXI., and "Vastness."

L. 4. See *I. Corinthians*, xv., 32.

Ll. 5-8. Cf. Epilogue to "Tiresias":

"The deeper night? A clearer day
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth—
If night, what barren toil to be!
What life, so maim'd by night, were worth
Our living out? Not mine to me."

There is a similar utterance in Knowles' reminiscences of Tennyson (*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893).

Ll. 9-12. On these lines Gatty says: "This is spoken

ironically, and is a strong protest against materialism but (quoting Tennyson) 'not against evolution.'" Until 1874 "born" was not italicized.

CXXI.

"Hesper-Phosphor. Grief has slowly changed its mood as the evening star passes into the morning star."

(Robertson.)

L. 8. *Life is darken'd*, etc. During sleep.

L. 11. *The wakeful bird*. The rooster.

L. 12. *The greater light*. The sun. See *Genesis*, i., 16.

Ll. 17, 18. "The poet's reference is no doubt to the generally recognized fact that throughout the earlier half of the year Venus is seen as an evening, and throughout the other half as a morning, star." (Robinson.)

This section was written while the poet was on a visit to the Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, at Shiplake, Oxfordshire, not long before Tennyson and Miss Sellwood were married by the vicar in Shiplake Church (June 13, 1850).

CXXII.

"An appeal to his friend to be with him. He thinks it must have been his friend's influence that prompted him not to yield to his calamity, but to seek to pierce through the clouds that had blotted out his heaven, and rediscover the reign of law." (Beeching.)

L. 1. *Oh, wast thou with me*, etc. Bradley thinks the occasion referred to was that described in LXXXVI., while Genung and others believe it to be a reminiscence of XCV.

L. 2. *Doom*. Of grief.

L. 3. *Yearn'd*. In first edition, "strove." The change seems to have been made in the fourth edition, 1851.

L. 5. *Placid awe*. According to Bradley, this expression "seems scarcely appropriate" to the trance described in XCV., while the last nine lines of CXXII. describe an experience much less solemn.

L. 7. *Sphere of stars*. The sphere or region of fixed stars beyond the spheres of the planets, according to the cosmology of the ancients. Cf. "Paradise Lost," III., 481-483:

"They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
And that Crystalline Sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talked, and that First Moved."

L. 15. *Former flash of joy*. "The brief time of their friendship." (Beeching.)

L. 16. *Slip the thoughts*, etc. Ceases to trouble himself about the problems of life and death.

L. 18. "A rainbow is seen in every dew-drop."

(Bradley.)

L. 20. This exalted frame of mind recalls the intellectual inspiration described in XLII., 9-12. "Rose" = "blossom of truth."

CXXIII.

"No farewell to him. Amidst the changefulness of the outward world, my spirit remains steadfast." (Robertson.) Stanzas 1 and 2 have been called "a beautiful epitome of uniformitarian geology." Cf. "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," IX.:

"For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill," etc.;

also Shakespeare's "Sonnets," LXIV.

L. 4. A different view is taken in Rice's "Twenty-five Years of Scientific Progress," p. 37.

CXXIV.

"He found God not in nature, or science, or theology, but in the aspirations and longings of his own heart." (Beeching.) Cf. LIV. and "Akbar's Dream."

L. 3. "The understanding cannot even tell whether God is to be thought as 'He, They, One,' or 'All,' whether as 'within' or 'without.' In other words, it cannot decide between Theism, Polytheism, Monotheism, and Pantheism, or tell us whether God is immanent or transcendent. It is in the heart that God is to be found." (Davidson.)

Ll. 5, 6. Contrast "The Passing of Arthur," l. 9:

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not."

The argument from design, of which so much is made in the Bridgewater treatises, does not satisfy the poet. Nature only half reveals "the Soul within."

Ll. 7, 8. Metaphysical speculations.

Ll. 11, 12. Cf. "Despair," III. and V.

Ll. 13-20. Deity is incomprehensible, and yet knowable, not by searching and arguing, but by direct consciousness. The heart going forth in earnest prayer to the Supreme Being feels the heavenly Father near. Cf. "Enoch Arden":

"Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd;"

also "Ancient Sage" —

"If thou would'st hear the Nameless," etc.

See Professor Sidgwick's comments on stanzas 3-5, "Memoir," I., p. 303.

L. 21. In first edition, "And what I seem," etc.

L. 22. *What is.* Cf. XCV., l. 39, "that which is," eternal existence contrasted with phenomenal.

Ll. 23, 24. Cf. Clough's "Qua Cursum Ventus":

"To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides our compass guides —
To that, and your own selves, be true."

CXXV.

"Apology for the bitterness of some poems; what seemed despair was never quite hopeless; Love never believed the suggestions of sorrow, and the poet's anxiety and confidence were equally inspired by Love." (Beeching.)

L. 2. *Some bitter notes.* As in LXXXII., ll. 13, 14.

Ll. 3-6. Cf. XI., ll. 15, 16; also LXXXIV., l. 16.

L. 7. *Gracious lies.* "Possibly the same sense as 'what slender shade of doubt may flit' in XLVIII. Does *gracious* mean graceful? And would this couplet explain the popularity of FitzGerald's 'Omar Khayyam' among religious people?" (Beeching.)

Ll. 13, 14. Cf. CIII., ll. 51-56. "Deeps" = the ocean of eternity.

L. 15. *Electric force.* Life. Gatty suggests "his own electric brain."

CXXVI.

"He whose king is love has constant assurance that all is well." (Beeching.) Cf. Rossetti's "House of Life," XLI.

L. 1. *Love.* "In the poet's estimation, Love is the Charity of St. Paul; believing, hoping, enduring, and never

failing. Love brings us tidings of the dead. Love guards us in life, even in sleep." (Gatty.) Cf. XLVI., 13-16.

L. 4. *Couriers*. Thoughts.

Ll. 10-12. In first edition:

"That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well."

CXXVII.

"Amidst the anarchy of nations, all is moving on to God, and his spirit knows it." (Robertson.) See omitted section (originally CXXVII.) in "Memoir," I., p. 307.

Ll. 1, 2. In times of storm and stress a creed or a principle undergoes change, but survives in a new "form" or statement that renews its vitality. Cf. "Morte d'Arthur,"

"God fulfils Himself in many ways," etc.

Ll. 7, 8. Possibly the reference is to the revolution of July, 1830, which forced Charles X. to go into exile. The poet said the section was "probably written long before '48."

L. 9. In first edition "But woe to him"; the present reading occurs in the fourth edition, 1851.

L. 11. *Sustaining crags*. The foundations of the social order. The reference, however, may be concrete, meaning the rocks on which the fortress is built.

Ll. 14, 15. "Crashes" = artillery. "Brute" = ponderous.

L. 16. In first edition "And the vast Æon"; changed in the fourth edition.

CXXVIII.

"This struggle and victory of Love with Doubt have given an insight into the course of human things, and

taught trust in the final issue." (Robertson.) Cf. "The Golden Year" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

L. 5. *Eddies*. The ceaseless flowing of human events in which there is only seeming progress, that is, change without valuable and lasting results.

L. 7. *Throned races*. The dominant nations; the races now in power.

L. 8. *Mysteries*. In first edition "ministers."

L. 14. *Glorious lies*. Cf. "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "that mirage of overheated language."

L. 19. *Bareness*. In first ed. "baseness," a misprint.

L. 23. *All*. The "eddies" and retrogressions of st. 2.

L. 24. Cf. "The Two Voices," "A labor working to an end"; also "The Princess," conclusion, "there is a hand that guides," and "Love and Duty":

"Wait, and Love himself will bring

The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit

Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,

And that which shapes it to some perfect end."

See *Romans*, viii., 28.

CXXIX.

"A descant on the thought that his friend, like all men, has a double and mysterious nature." (Beeching.)

L. 4. *A lower and a higher*. Cf. "Faust," Part I.:

"In my breast

Alas! two souls have taken their abode," etc.

L. 5. "Like Dante's Beatrice, he has become a spiritual form for the divine itself, the form suited to the poet's particular need." (Davidson.) He is "unknown" because "mixed with something strange."

L. 10. *Darklier understood*. Cf. XCVII., 34-36.

Ll. 11, 12. "The dream of good is not only for one soul, but for all mankind. As he had grieved for all men in his friend (VI., 7), so in him he hopes for all." (Beeching.)

CXXX.

"The spiritual nature of his friend's presence is emphasized ; it seems diffused everywhere, but is none the less personal and an object of love." (Beeching.)

Contrast the thought in this section with the lines in "The May Queen" :

"If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away."

also "Maud," Part II., iv., st. 4 :

"It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels."

L. 3. See *Revelation*, xix., 17.

Ll. 11, 12. Cf. prologue, 39, 40 ; also Shelley's "Adonais" —

"He is made one with Nature," etc.

CXXXI

"*Sursum corda*, an invocation to the will of man, the true and immortal principle of his nature, to permeate his whole being, and lift its voice in prayer to God, confident that He hears and helps, though the fact whether of God's

existence or of man's immortality cannot be proved to the reason till we 'see God.' " (Beeching.)

L. 1. Free-will, as the poet explained, "the higher and enduring part of man." Cf. LXXXV., 38-40; also "Will."

L. 2. *All that seems.* The temporal, the phenomenal.

L. 3. *Spiritual rock.* Christ. See *I. Corinthians*, x., 4.

L. 4. Shape life and character. Cf. "De Profundis":

"This main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the world."

L. 5. *Out of dust.* In first edition "out the dust." "Dust" = our earthly nature. Cf. prologue, 9.

L. 7. *Conquer'd years.* Contrast I., 13, "the victor Hours"; also see LXXXV., 64—

"A friendship as had master'd Time."

L. 9. *Self-control.* "Self-control springs from self-reverence, and a man must respect the principle of his own nature before he goes on to recognize it as any way divine." (Beeching.)

L. 10. Cf. prologue, 21, "we cannot know"; also "The Ancient Sage"—

"Thou canst not prove the Nameless," etc.

L. 11. Until we are reunited with our loved friends in the other world. Cf. Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light":

"And with the morn those angel faces smile
That I have loved long since and lost awhile."

L. 12. Cf. "Crossing the Bar":

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

See *Ecclesiastes*, xii., 7.

EPILOGUE.

"The epilogue is an epithalamium addressed to Edmund Law Lushington, who married Cecilia Tennyson. The poem 'was meant to be a kind of Divina Commedia, ending with happiness.' The last few lines alone are on a level with the preceding poem, and bring it to a magnificent close." (Beeching)

L. 1. *True and tried.* Cf. LXXXV., 5.

L. 3. *Marriage day.* October 10, 1842.

L. 7. *Daughter*, etc. Cecilia Tennyson, who was married to Professor Lushington at Boxley, near Maidstone. Charles Tennyson Turner officiated.

L. 10. *Thrice three years.* 1833-1842.

L. 14. *A dead regret.* Cf. LXXVIII., 17.

L. 31. *Star that shook.* Cf. "A Dream of Fair Women":

"The maiden splendors of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue."

L. 34. *He.* Hallam.

L. 50. *On the dead.* The graves beneath the chancel of the church, on whose walls are the memorial tablets of the buried.

L. 56. *You.* In first edition "ye."

L. 75. *Who.* The bride and groom.

L. 86. *A stiller guest.* The spirit of Hallam.

L. 96. *The park.* "Surrounding Park House, the residence of Edmund Lushington, some two miles from where the Tennysons were living." (Robinson.)

L. 108. *A rising fire.* The moon in the horizon.

L. 121. *Ocean sounds.* An epithet meaning the ocean itself.

L. 123. *The vast.* The infinite source of life.

L. 124. Cf. XLV., 9-12, also "De Profundis."

L. 125. The stages of the growing embryo, resembling "lower forms of animal life."

Ll. 128-136. Cf. CIII., 35, and CXVIII., 14. *No longer half-akin to brute.* That is, more than a mere nature-being, but having more of the divine nature. Cf. Bacon's "Essays," XVI., "Of Atheism": "They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kinn to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kinn to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature." See also Newman's "Dream of Gerontius":

"Above him now the angry skies,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin."

L. 142. *One law.* Cf. "Locksley Hall":

"And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law ;"

also a passage (quoted by Collins) in Cicero's "De Republica," III.: "And there shall not be one law at Rome, another at Athens, one law now, another afterward, but the same law everlasting and unchangeable will bind all nations at all times, and there will be one common Master and Ruler of all — God."

"Element" = the atmosphere of love. "Love is the ethereal medium pervading God's moral universe, by means of which are propagated the motions of his impulses, the heat of his grace, the light of his truth, the electricity of his activities, the magnetism of his nature, the affinities of his character, the gravitation of his will. In brief, love is the very definition of Deity himself." (G. D. Boardman.)

Arthur Hallam, in his Oration on the "Influence of Italian Works of Imagination," dwells on the idea that love is the chief thing in the universe. Referring to Dante, he says: "But it was not in scattered sonnets that the whole magnificence of that idea could be manifested, which represents love as at once the base and pyramidal point of the entire universe, and teaches us to regard the earthly union of souls, not as a thing accidental, transitory, and dependent on the condition of human society, but with far higher import, as the best and the appointed symbol of our relations with God, and through them of his own ineffable essence. In the 'Divine Comedy' this idea received its full completeness of form."

Ll. 143, 144. The condition of the world when it shall have reached "its appointed goal of good." Cf. "Freedom," stanzas IV.-VI. "The whole creation" = the universe. According to Arthur Jenkinson, the central thought of "In Memoriam" is "*that the eternal, creative Principle of the universe is Absolute Love.*" ("Alfred Tennyson," p. 88.) See also Davidson's "Prolegomena," pp. 122-124, and Bradley's "Commentary," pp. 8, 9.







